PICTURE TOWNS OF EUROPE

ALBERT·B·OSBORNE

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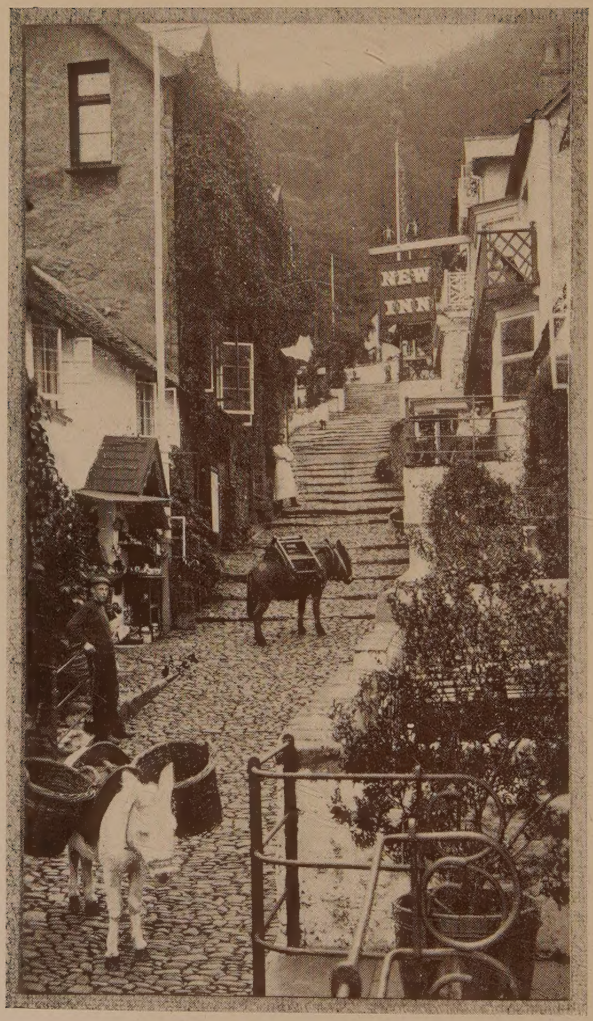
PICTURE TOWNS OF EUROPE

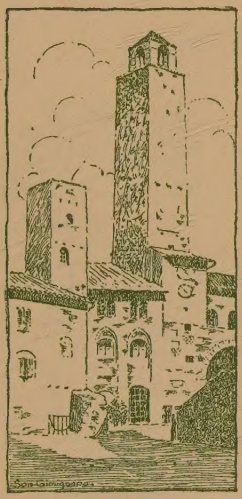


THE VILLAGE STREET
CLOVELLY

PICTURE TOWNS OF EUROPE

By

ALBERT B. OSBORNE



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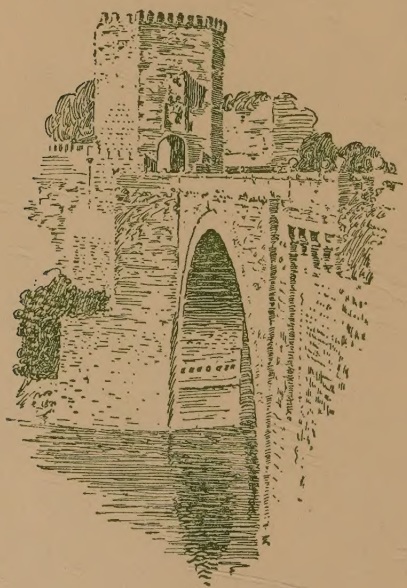

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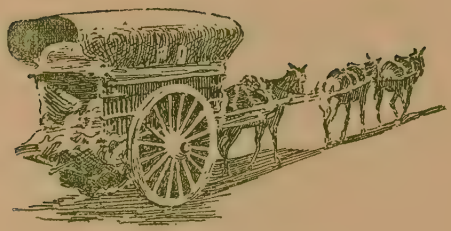
TO THE LADY
WHO DID NOT ALWAYS GO



PREFACE

When I first went to Europe it was to begin a search that in all subsequent journeys I have continued to pursue, a search for the picturesque and the medieval.

From the beginning I have been impressed with the lack of available information to guide the quest. There are hundreds of travel books concerning every land, and while many of them contain descriptions of beautiful towns and villages, there is no one book to which the traveler can turn to find something of what may be termed the "picture towns of Europe."

The choice I have made for this book is purely personal. I write of the places that most appeal to me, and while some of them are generally recognized by artists and authors as holding special and peculiar charm, there are others about which there may easily be lack of agreement.

I hope the reader will bear in mind the distinction between a picturesque land-

scape and a picturesque town, for it is not of the former that I am writing, else I should have gone into the Tyrol when writing of Austria, and possibly to Mürren when selecting a town to represent Switzerland.

My aim has been to select from each country in Europe, save the northern lands which I have yet to see, the towns that of themselves, and by their environment, as well as by something of the ancient life and tradition still surviving there, suggest most clearly to the present day the colorful and picturesque past.

ALBERT B. OSBORNE

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Clovelly	*England*	1
Mont St. Michel	*France*	16
Carcassonne	*France*	33
San Gimignano	*Italy*	47
Bussaco	*Portugal*	68
Cintra	*Portugal*	83
Toledo	*Spain*	100
Ronda	*Spain*	117
Bruges	*Belgium*	131
Middelburg	*Holland*	152
Ragusa	*Jugo Slavia*	166
Salzburg	*Austria*	189
Gruyères	*Switzerland*	204
Rothenburg	*Germany*	219
Hildesheim	*Germany*	230

ILLVSTRATIONS

CLOVELLY, ENGLAND

THE VILLAGE STREET . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

THE TOWN AND ITS GREAT STONE QUAY 2
AT THE FOOT OF THE VILLAGE . . 10
ON THE WATER FRONT 14

MONT ST. MICHEL, FRANCE

THE PEAK OFF THE CORNISH COAST—ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT 22
THE NORMAN COUNTERPART OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT—MONT ST. MICHEL 26

CARCASSONNE, FRANCE

THE DREAM CITY 34
A VISTA OF TOWERS 38
THE CITY WITHIN 42

SAN GIMIGNANO, ITALY

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL TOWERS . . 48
THE OUTSIDE WALLS 52
AT THE WASHING POOL 58
IN A BYWAY. 62

BUSSACO, PORTUGAL

THE ONE-TIME ROYAL PALACE . . . 70
A PORTUGUESE BEGGAR 74
THE FOREST STAIRS 78

CINTRA, PORTUGAL

FROM THE MOORISH RUINS 86
A WAYSIDE FOUNTAIN 90
THE MOORISH PALACE 94

TOLEDO, SPAIN

AN OLD GATEWAY 102
A BRIDGE OVER THE TAGUS 106
THE BURDEN BEARER 110

RONDA, SPAIN — FACING PAGE
A SPANISH GATE 118
THE CATHEDRAL 122
IN A DOORWAY 126
THE OLD BRIDGE 130

BRUGES, BELGIUM
A CITY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY . 134
THE BELFRY 138
A LACEMAKER AT WORK . . . 146

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND
THE APPROACH TO THE TOWN . . 154
THE TOWN HALL 158
YOUTHFUL HOUSEWIFERY . . . 162

RAGUSA, JUGO SLAVIA
FROM THE HILLS ABOVE . . . 166
WITHOUT THE WALLS 170
THE MARKET-PLACE 186

SALZBURG, AUSTRIA
THE HEART OF THE CITY . . . 190
THE CASTLE ABOVE THE CITY . . 198
ON THE KÖNIGSEE 202

GRUYÈRES, SWITZERLAND
THE MAIN STREET AND MARKET-PLACE 206
OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS . . . 210
A GATEWAY 214

ROTHENBURG, GERMANY
A BIT OF THE ANCIENT WALL . . 219
THE PLÖNLEIN TOWER 222
THE MARKUS TOWER 224
THE RATHAUS 228

HILDESHEIM, GERMANY
SOME OF THE ANCIENT HOUSES . . 230
THE BUTCHERS' GUILD 240
THE ENTRANCE TO THE ANDREAS PLATZ 244

A MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE PICTURE TOWNS — PAGE 247

PICTURE TOWNS OF EUROPE

CLOVELLY · ENGLAND

Searching England for a place where time has stood still, I found it at Clovelly. Here lingers in the low, thatched cottages, and upon the ancient street, much of that quality of life that dominated England centuries ago. The life of to-day comes and looks in upon it as at a play, but passes on, leaving no impress. In season the tourist toils up and down the single steep street that springs from the sea, and he takes his tea in the still little parlor of some fisherman's home opened as a tea room six months in the year. But the tourist is, after all, but an incident in the village life, not a factor in its development, for that life still retains the definite impress of those "large, free days of Elizabeth."

I think the dominant note of any English landscape is its humanness. There is a sense of its subserviency to human uses. It is livable, a place for homes and everyday cheerfulness and content. In no other land does the past seem so close, and its long-vanished generations of men so akin to us and so little alien to our mental at-

titudes. Perhaps this is because the old environment, the old accompaniment of life, which we still can see, seems so perfectly fitted to our own manner of living. The hedge, the trees, the church spires, the thatched roofs, the flowers, the ancient ways, are clearly a part of to-day, and yet we know are practically unchanged from what they were when they were the background for the lives of other times. And nowhere does this English characteristic more closely bring together medievalism and the present than in this little village of Clovelly. In short, Clovelly is the door through which you can come upon somewhat of the past life of the English medieval village.

The town has no parallel anywhere, and when you have seen it you have seen something different, something no other land can show, but not only is it unique; it is conceded to be the most beautiful place in England. One writer sums up the consensus of opinion as follows: "Clovelly is the most exquisite town in England . . . elsewhere there is nothing like it . . . a scene more beautiful could not have been devised by the wit of man deliberately set to produce what is picturesque. . . . The

THE TOWN AND ITS GREAT STONE QUAY
CLOVELLY

village has grown along lines of perfect beauty. . . . Here is nothing, absolutely nothing, commonplace or ugly."

The reason for Clovelly's unspoilt charm is found in its remote and isolated position. On the Devon shore of the Bristol channel, nearly a hundred miles west of Bristol, and about the same distance to the north of Plymouth, the two nearest ports, and ten miles from the railroad, the tides of life flow far away, so that, unsubmerged by the present, the past lives on. And even that past moved more peacefully here than elsewhere. To this far-off western coast there was little travel. The roads were exceedingly poor, and robbers lay in wait in the forest. Only the rich, who could afford a coach-and-four and armed retainers in sufficient numbers to repel attack, traveled by land. And there were no rich in this little fishing-village. In the neighborhood have lived for centuries three or four great families, but the men and women of Clovelly seldom left their homes by land. The channel offered a way to Bristol, and the life of Bristol and Clovelly always had much in common, but, while the hardy fearless fishers would go back and forth to Bristol, the open, wind-swept har-

bor of Clovelly was in itself a barrier to intrusion, so its people have ever remained far from the stress of English history. But for eight hundred years the lure of the sea has been a compelling factor in the lives of the people. Away back in 1147 men from Clovelly joined men from Bristol and crusaded to Portugal to rescue Lisbon from the Moors, and see the chaplain of their English fleet become the first Bishop of Portugal. And ever since, when British ships have put to sea in quest of battle, plunder or adventure, men of the Devon coast have been on board. Some sailed with Cabot from Bristol on his voyage that discovered North America, and tales are told of half-forgotten men that sailed away on fantastic errands, never to return. For through all the years Clovelly sails have longed for the wind of other seas, and to-day the young men are found as stewards on the great liners, as stokers in the hold, as sailors on the coasting-schooners, and as fishermen off the shore. Clovelly's whole world is the sea.

But while Clovelly always had a certain independence of the conditions elsewhere prevailing in the island, its ways of life were, of course, more or less in common

with those of all medieval England. Here, as everywhere, life was picturesque but uncomfortable. Until well along in the Fifteenth Century the houses had no chimneys. In the center of the ceiling was a hole for the smoke to escape from the fire, which was built directly beneath. There was no glass in the windows, and when finally it appeared it was only to be had in small pieces, necessitating the small latticed windows that add so vastly to the picturesqueness of these cottages. There were no crockery dishes, and the tables were set with horn and pewter. Rushes covered the floor, and in the manor house the servants slept on these rushes around the fire that burned in the center of the hall. There was very little furniture; the tables were merely long boards placed on trestles that were removed when the meal was over, and stood up against the wall. It is an interesting fact, by the way, that in the remoter mountains of eastern Kentucky, settled long ago by people of pure English blood, this same custom prevails to-day. To Clovelly also came the religious fervor of the Reformation, that strange, excessive zeal which sent a Praise God Barebones to Parliament, and actually

christened his brother " If - Christ - had - not - died - for - thee - thou - hadst - been - damned - Barebones."

But all movements, both good and bad, had somewhat spent their force when they reached this far-off place, and the result of successive generations of tranquillity shows to-day in the manners and habits of the people. There is no crime, and the people tell with pride that no Clovelly man has been arrested within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. " No, sir," said an old fisherman, " we be a peaceable lot. I never heard of anyone here ever getting took up. But once a young chap he went to Biddeford, and he took more than was good for him, sir, and when he came back he was a bit noisy and had to be spoken to. But that was quite a time ago, and since then we be very quiet, sir."

I agree with Andrew Lang that places have a distinct effect upon the character and the personality of the people living there, and surely, sweet, beautiful Clovelly has brought a certain goodness, peace and restraint into the lives of its people.

The joy of Clovelly commences when the train with the pale-green locomotive leaves you at Biddeford, where the twelve-

mile coach ride begins. This ride takes you over a splendid white ribbon of road, laid down across the hill-tops, where come at times great glimpses of the sea, and between typical English hedgerows, where for miles and miles the honeysuckle and brier rose bloom, topped here and there by the stately foxglove that, in Devon, lifts its purple head man-high. Uphill and down the highway goes, by thatched-roofed farmhouses with roses over the door and on the children's cheeks, through bits of villages, where the houses crowd in rows, and on to the coast, where the wonderful flowers grow brighter and bigger. In the corner of a yard I saw a fuchsia tree fully fifteen feet high, covered with thousands of red and purple blossoms, and all around was the chaos of old-fashioned bloom the English love. Finally the coach halts at an abrupt turn in the road amidst the woods where some porters are waiting, and donkey boys with big, gray beasts are standing. "Clovelly!" cries the driver. Surely never stranger entrance to famous town. Nothing but the forest gathered close about you. But a step or two, and you cry out in delight as you come to the head of a long, narrow street that pitches

sharply down to the sea, five hundred feet below. No horse, no carriage has ever traversed Clovelly's street. There is a steep slant of cobble stones, some ten feet wide, that, after six feet or so, breaks into a step; another slant, another step, and so on to the bay that lies radiant in glorious light and color at the end of the vista. This strange street is set close with white-washed houses crowded together seemingly for mutual support. From this one thoroughfare three or four little byways open promisingly, but end nowhere save in lovely views across the water to the violet and gray hills beyond. Nobody knows when the town first began. Many years ago the records were burned in a fire that destroyed the manor house, where for generations they had been kept. Six hundred years ago is the date commonly assigned for the building of the quay. Along the street the houses have stood for centuries. The keeper of the Red Lion Inn says nothing has been built in his day, and that the houses that now look the best, in his boyhood looked the worst, having now been fully repaired. The ceilings of these little homes are incredibly low; floors are of stone or brick; windows quaintly latticed;

and showing throughout the structure are the heavy timbers of the frame. Inside the stone or plaster surface the walls are of mud, but no decay is anywhere permitted. Over all the houses vines and roses clamber, and in tiny gardens grow fuchsia trees and great roses, and in narrow strips of earth, clinging precariously to the fronts of the buildings that abut sharply on the street, grow marvelous sweet peas and perfumed lilies, richly colored by the damp sea air. Occasionally a house retires somewhat from the road, and in the yard of one of those are two of the curious "Monkey-trees" that are so noticeable in the grounds of Del Monte, California.

There are two hotels, but the one I chose is on the quay, a rare old house, full of curious turnings and little steps, and dark passages; an inn whose suppers remain a separate memory—delicious fried chicken, green peas, new potatoes and red raspberries covered with the clotted sweet cream of Devon, the joy of which is not to be duplicated. Flowers are blooming in the windows and fill great vases on the long table, and you are put to bed by candlelight, and you sleep to the sound of the tide, and wake in the morning to a glorious

view of bay and shore, and are glad you are alive.

Once upon a time, though even the Great War seems not to have come this way, the waterfront was fortified, and, along the sea, old walls can still be traced, and hard by the inn is a fine old gate that gives the final touch of old-world picturesqueness. On the quay guns were one time mounted, but in these pacific days are put to humdrum uses, for, being inverted and cemented to the pier, they form the posts to which the fishers tie their boats.

Nothing on wheels can travel the ladder-like street, so provisions, mail, and tourists are carried up and down on the backs of donkeys, led by round-faced boys. These donkeys, and the red sails of the fishing-boats, and the white houses clinging against the vivid green of the hillside, lend to the picture a suggestion of Italy that is often commented upon.

The title to all the village rests in a single individual, who rents the houses to the fishers at annual rentals ranging from fifteen to a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Casual repairs are made by the tenant, but restorations of consequence are attended to

AT THE FOOT OF THE VILLAGE
CLOVELLY

AT THE FOOT OF THE VILLAGE
CLOVELLY

by the owner, to whose artistic taste and careful supervision the public is indebted for the preservation of Clovelly's charm unspoiled by modern "improvements." The church and school are not in the village street, but up on the hill a short distance away. Everyone goes to church, and for ten months in the year school attendance is compulsory for children under fourteen years of age.

But not all the attractiveness of Clovelly lies in the street and shore. Back on the hills is a drive that ranks for beauty with the " twenty-mile drive " in California, the Great Orme's Head drive in North Wales, and the wonderful road from Sorrento to Amalfi. It is a winding, upward, wooded way, with window-like openings framed with great oaks and looking out on superb views of the bay beneath, clasped with its far-flung headlands. For three miles or more the road runs beneath trees centuries old, their gray trunks draped with ivy, and where the forest breaks away grow the wonderful Devonshire wild flowers, many of which are elsewhere unknown; flowers that Kingsley speaks of as from seed that came from the Fairy Isles of the unknown western ocean, " strange flowers that still

linger about this land . . . the Cornish heath, and the little pink Butterworth of Devon." The culminating glory of the way is when you come out upon an open space, and see, a thousand feet below, the little harbor and the white houses of Clovelly that seem to ripple down its one long street. But there is another view, not so celebrated, but to me of equal beauty, where can be seen for miles the circling coast line of the bay, gradually fusing, under the soft and subtle color that comes with afternoon, into the far blue of water and of sky.

One bright morning a fisher rowed me out along the fair, wicked coast of Devon that has broken ships and hearts with her gales and rocks, and he told me tales of wrecks, which each winter pile up along the shore. "The worst wreck that ever I see, sir," said he, "was two years ago come December. She was a big steamer, seven thousand tons they said, and bound for Buenos Aires. 'Twas a clear night, and the moon was shining, but 'twas blowing like it was a hurricane. She was coming down the channel and putting her nose into the seas that piled all over her. They'd loaded her too heavy, sir, and 'twas so bit-

ter cold they must have been keeping no good watch. And them seas took off her ventilators one by one, least so we think, and she began to fill from the wash that went over her every time she dipped to a sea. After a bit the Captain must have tried to get about, but it was no use. I was out to see to my boat, for it was an awful tide. 'Twas two o'clock in the morning, and I heard her call and see her flare. She was right off the pier then, but a good five miles out. I called the Captain of the Life Station, and he sent a man to cry the wreck and raise the town, and everybody came down to the pier, and the women got things ready for the men we hoped to bring ashore.

"I was pretty well forward in the life-boat, and she was full of water from the minute we started. By and by we could see the steamer fair as we'd lift on a wave. She was settling at the head, and we pulled till one man clean give out. But it was no use. We saw 'em get the boats over, but they went to smash as soon as they'd hit a wave. We was almost to her when, all of a sudden, she give a long lurch to one side, and a big wave broke over her, and she wasn't there any more. We were five min-

utes too late, sir. Where she went down, the water was all smooth and oily, and all sorts of loose stuff floating, but that was all."

The summer night comes slowly to Clovelly, and the twilight lingers till ten o'clock. The women gather in the doorways and talk and knit. Down by the quay the fishing-boats are drawn far up the beach beyond the reach of the great tide that rises twenty feet and more. The donkeys have made their last climb for the day, and are stabled upon the hill at the head of the street. On a long bench in front of the Red Lion a group of fishermen discuss the remote events of the world. They tell, too, of the great storm of 1882, when thirty of their boats went down; and of the blow of one November, when the waves washed in at the Red Lion door. And they talk of Clovelly fishing boats that went out among mines and submarines during the Great War. Presently they say good-night, and a great quiet settles down on the village.

No, there is nothing just like Clovelly. It is unique among the villages of earth, and for me possesses a charm more potent than I have elsewhere felt. I have not for-

ON THE WATER FRONT
CLOVELLY

gotten the peacefulness of Rothenburg, the intense picturesqueness of San Gimignano, nor the effectiveness of Carcassonne. Nor am I unmindful of Middelburg's lure, the beauty of Cintra, or the strangeness of Ronda, but in this one element of charm I think Clovelly stands supreme.

MONT ST·MICHEL·FRANCE

It is not a little confusing to find, when you sit down to write of a picture town of France, that you must write at the same time of a little town in England, yet such is the necessity imposed by a curious geographical coincidence.

It has been said Nature never repeats herself, and that all her masterpieces are unique. Nevertheless, she has very nearly reproduced on the northern shore of the English Channel the wonderful Mont St. Michel that, upon the southern coast, stands as a monument marking the beginning of the boundary line between Brittany and Normandy, two of the most charming provinces of France.

The French Mont St. Michel is an isolated cone of rock, three hundred feet in height, that rises from the sea a half-mile or so from shore. Of almost the same circumference and of practically the same general appearance, the English St. Michael's Mount lifts itself half a mile off the Cornwall coast to a height but little less. The ancient legends of the land that

now is France tell us that early in the Eighth Century St. Michael appeared in a vision to the Bishop of the Diocese embracing the Mount, and commanded that on that Mount he build a church, of which Michael should be the patron saint. The old-time folklore of Cornwall has precisely the same tradition, coming from a somewhat earlier period, concerning the St. Michael's Mount. On the summit of each rose a Gothic church in honor of this Saint. Later, a castle appeared on one and fortifications on the other. On each humble fishers built their villages, protected on the English rock by the castle, on the other by the walls. Around both sweep the Channel tides.

The English Mount of St. Michael is easily reached in any tour of Cornwall, or the journey can be quickly made from Plymouth, or even London.

Mount's Bay is a huge sheet of water, with Land's End for the distant western coast line. Dominating this bay is the Mount, about half a mile out from the little village of Marazion, which nestles on the mainland directly opposite, and where there is a very comfortable inn, with rooms looking out on the bay and the Mount. A

narrow causeway runs from the island to the shore, but high tide covers it, so that the numerous little launches form a main dependence of travel between the two. Most visitors prefer to stop at Penzance, three miles to the west, and between which and the Mount there is constant communication.

Away at the back of history, away beyond the time when Cæsar came to Britain, the tin mines of Cornwall were worked by unknown miners, and their products transported by ocean ways to eastern lands. From various bits of folklore, and fragmentary legends even yet told by the Cornish folk, and from the remains of records and monuments in distant ancient Phœnicia, it is now accepted as a fact that, before there was a Rome, and while Britain yet lay bleak, a tangled wood and treacherous morass, the Phœnicians knew of Cornwall and its tin. It is also believed that here, at what now is known as St. Michael's Mount, was the market-place where the earliest of Britons brought their tin and sold it to the traders from the east.

A graphic picture of this early time is presented by the author of *A Short History*

of Penzance, and though the quotation is a long one, it is worth the reading. "It is not easy to realize Mount's Bay, as it was in those primeval days. Probably the surrounding hills were mostly covered with a virgin forest. Here and there along the shore the ancient inhabitants had their beehive huts, circular wigwams, with now and then a chief's hut with its central court. The Mount was a mere granite pile, 'the Castle of the Sun,' more of a peninsula than now, with low-lying woodland stretching from it, which the sea at every great storm threatened to submerge, as at last it did. Lo, to the south ships are coming, strange, quaint galleys, with bronzed, Jewish-looking crews in long Asiatic robes, making for the Mount, the appointed emporium of their trade with the natives, who are jealous of foreigners landing on the mainland. Out of the huts now stream to the shore little crowds of natives. They are fair-skinned, bright-colored people, and talk in odd Celtic language. Their dress is very queer, 'long, black cloaks and tunics reaching to the feet, girt about the breast,' and they are walking with long staves in their hands. They make for the Mount and have with them their hardy

little horses laden with blocks of tin. These they barter with the Jewish-looking merchants for money, clothes and pottery."

Even when Rome ruled Britain the land reached far out beyond its present shore, and a great forest covered what is now the bottom of the bay—covers it yet, for on still days the voyager looks over the side of his launch into the branches of trees that sway with the tides beneath his keel, and in times of storm oaks are uprooted from their submarine home, and strewn upon the coast from Marazion to Penzance and beyond.

The old Saxon name for the Mount signified "The Gray Rock in the Wood," and on its summit there was blood of Druid sacrifices, just as on that other rock across the Channel. Christianity had not been long established on the Cornish coast when, as related, St. Michael appeared in a vision to the Abbot of a nearby monastery and commanded him to build a chapel in his honor on the island which then rose from the sea, that had engulfed the forest of the Gray Rock.

Long before the Conquest the monastery was built, and there, with its chapel, it

stands to-day, changed first to a castle, and now to a home, but still with many of its walls and rooms intact. Indeed, the great Gothic hall where the monks used to dine is practically untouched, and the chapel, too, is little altered.

Of course, the wonderful similarity in name, situation, use and tradition between these two Mounts was early apparent, and, influenced largely by that similarity, Edward the Confessor, with the approval of the Bishop, gave the Cornwall Mount, monastery, village, monks and all to the establishment of the monks of Mont St. Michel in Normandy, so for a long time France may be said to have had territory in England, and these two most extraordinary places were united under the rule of one Abbot, and were, so far as a legal existence went, one in fact, though in different lands and separated by the stormy waters of the Channel.

It was not until the Seventeenth Century that the monks were driven forth and the castle came to absorb the monastery. Since then the Mount has been in the possession of the family of the present Lord St. Levan, who now occupies it as a permanent home. Not only is the castle itself but lit-

tle changed, but much of the furniture made by the monks is still in use. In one of the chambers is a bed of beautifully carved oak over three hundred years old, and beside it a chair stands, antedating it by two centuries.

Similarity of tradition between these two Mounts has been brought down to a very recent period. About the same time that the skeletons were discovered in the secret dungeon in Mont St. Michel (the French form of the name), which discovery is detailed later, some workmen repairing the chapel on St. Michael's Mount found a place in the floor that gave forth a hollow sound. The tiles were taken up and a small pit or dungeon was disclosed in which was the skeleton of a man considerably over six feet in height. Was he some heretic buried alive by the pious monks, or was he some knightly foe of an old-time lord of the castle, thus conveniently disposed of by his enemy? We shall never know.

But the parallel cannot be followed forever. Turner idealized the English Mount in one of those glowing paintings of his, but the glory on the canvas is not wholly present in the fact, and St. Michael's

THE PEAK OFF THE CORNISH COAST
ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

Mount lacks many of those peculiar elements that distinguish the French island as one of the two or three most romantic and interesting places in Europe. The Cornish hamlet lacks the ancient walls, the marvelous tides, the strange, gray waste of sand, and the tier on tier of medieval buildings clinging dizzily to the precipitous cliff. The color scheme, too, is different. Over the Cornwall rock hang skies of blue with drift of fleecy cloud, while always the waves flash by its shores. The monotonous buildings merely fringe the beach, then come stretches of vivid green hillside, and finally rise the beautiful walls and pinnacles of the castle. The sense of light, of space, of flowing winds and vivid color, that so distinguish this English coast, are all lacking from that bit of Norman shore where the great bay of St. Michel makes deep indentation and holds within its clasp the French Mont St. Michel, long known to Europe as "The Marvel."

Fifty miles from St. Malo, and well off the path of the average tourist, this great bay, a hundred square miles in extent, is reached by leaving the main line of railroad at Pontorson and taking a branch that runs seven miles northward to the

shore, and thence over a causeway to Mont St. Michel itself.

We came to the bay at noon; a gray sky stooped over the vast expanse before us, an expanse not of water, but of sand, gray as the day and the sky. Nowhere was any water to be seen. From the dead level of the sands, half a mile from the shore, rose abruptly this cone of rock girdled by walls finished in 1264, encircled from base to summit by ancient buildings, and crowned by the beautiful spire of a monastery nine hundred years old.

This mysterious rock has always been the object of superstitious awe. When the faint dawn of historical light first discloses it, the Druids had a temple there. When the Romans mastered Gaul, a shrine to Jove took the place of the Druid altar, and in 708 a Christian chapel to Saint Michael was built from the ruins of these earlier Pagan homes of worship.

Richard of Normandy began the foundations of the present church. Far underground there are weird, half-lit halls upheld by mighty columns hewn from the living rock. There are stairways cut from the very heart of the mountain leading by strange ways to dark dungeons, and

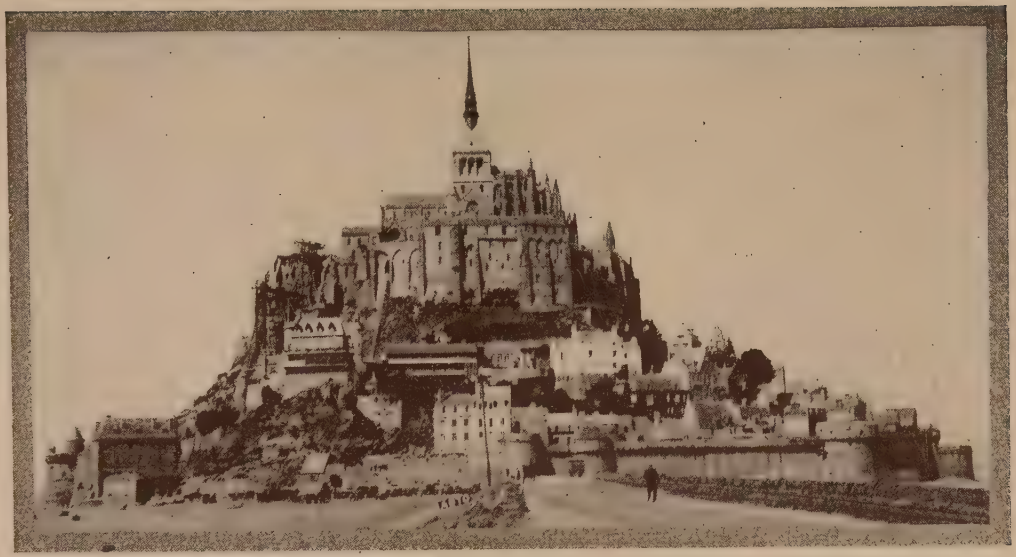
through lofty subterranean chambers to great halls, where the monks of gone centuries gathered for their daily toil. And deeper and gloomier yet are the catacombs still tenanted by all that remains of the bodies of these same monks.

For hundreds of years political prisoners were confined here, and fearful cells are shown; and in a great pit, where uncanny shadows lurk, is the treadmill where they trod out their unhappy lives. Not many years ago some workmen broke through a wall into a space of absolute blackness, which, when a torch lent its murky light, was seen absolutely to reek with horror, for there hung in rusting chains a score and more of moldering skeletons. There is nowhere to be found a stranger, more uncanny place than these grewsome halls, and they have been well reproduced in the scenery with which the stage is sometimes set in the opera of "Robert the Devil." And, above all, is the marvelous Gothic chapel, vying with Sainte Chapelle in Paris as the most exquisite bit of Gothic architecture in the world.

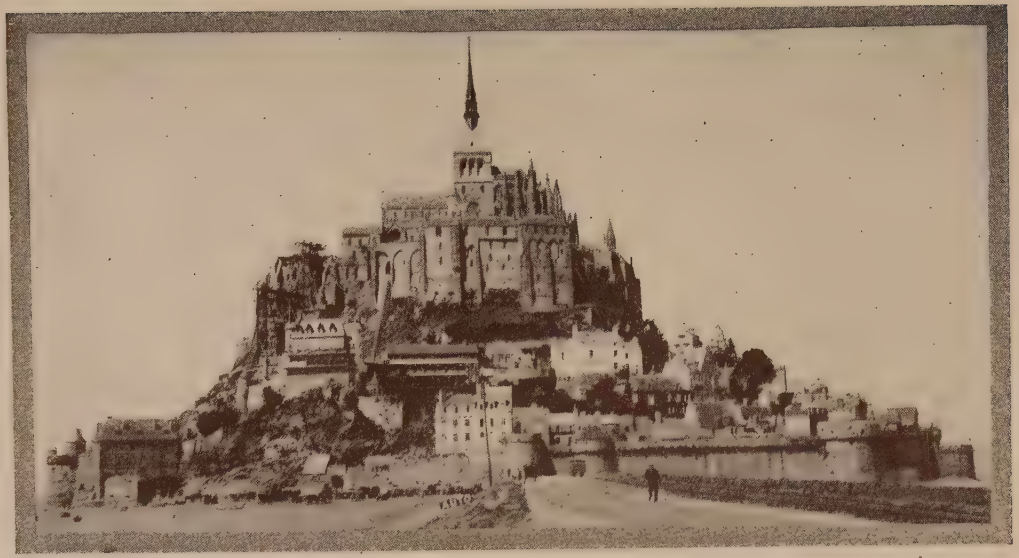
The train runs out along the narrow causeway connecting the Mount with the mainland, and stops just outside the gate.

As you walk under the massive thickness of the walls you can look up to the iron-barred portcullis still in position as when it stopped the way to hostile entrance six hundred years ago. Over and over again the English battled unavailingly for possession of this fortress, for such in the Middle Ages the island had become; the most serious attempt being in 1434, where, eight thousand strong, they struggled with the defenders who sallied forth upon the sands to give them battle. The two great, queer bomb ketches the defeated English left behind that day still guard the inner gateway of the walls.

It is a curious fact about this place, where everything is curious, that the inhabitants not only depended upon their own valor for defense, but, from the Twelfth Century, had kept a regiment of great dogs trained to attack and to defend. These dogs not only took part in the battles so frequently fought, but were turned loose at night to act the part of sentinels. There is a reference to this in a decree of Louis XI in 1475, granting an additional annual income for the care of these animals. It is, perhaps, equally curious to note that this custom of training dogs to defend a city



THE NORMAN COUNTERPART OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT
MONT ST. MICHEL



THE NORMAN COUNTERPART OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT
MONT ST. MICHEL

was not unique to Mont St. Michel, the records of more than one medieval town showing that the custom was more or less common throughout Europe during the dark times of the Middle Ages.

Numberless legends are connected with the Mount. I referred before to St. Michael himself appearing to the Bishop in the Eighth Century, and commanding that a church should be built upon the summit. It seems that the Bishop was too deliberate in the matter, whereupon the Saint appeared a third time and emphasized his orders by putting his finger through the Prelate's skull and writing instructions on his brain. Anyway, if you go to the nearby town of Avranches they will show you this Bishop's skull, with the hole plainly visible where the Archangel's finger went through.

These are primitive folk who live along the one street that sharply zigzags up the steep wall of the Mount, and their lives yet respond to the old traditions that even more powerfully affected their forefathers. There is, for instance, a rock that juts boldly out from the face of the cliff on the southwest side of the island, and from the earliest times weird tales have clustered

around it. Undoubtedly it was a sacrificial spot in Druid worship, and the agony of countless victims who suffered there must have lingered, a terrible memory, in the minds of the people. At all events, the place came to be regarded as the haunt of an evil spirit, and a legend centered round it that ill luck would follow the passerby who did not propitiate the spirit dwelling there, and to this day, as the fisher folk sail out to sea, they invariably bow the head as they pass La Gire, as the rock is called.

The influence of the past is also manifested in what is possibly the only industry, save fishing, that the island boasts. Bayeux, near which William the Conqueror was born, is but a short distance inland, and he and the long line of Norman dukes were always intimately associated with the life of the place. At Bayeux is still preserved the famous tapestry woven by the women of William's family during those middle years of the Eleventh Century just preceding the Conquest. At Mont St. Michel there has been for ages a factory, if one may use so large a term for so small a thing, where pottery has been made. Now upon the vases here manufactured are reproduced the quaint and mis-

drawn forms that appear on the famous tapestry. The writer has a large vase of artistic shape and rich, warm coloring, on which appear two charging knights, copied literally from the work of those long dead women of the Conqueror's household.

You leave the train outside the walls, and, passing through the double gateway, find yourself in the queer, steep street and close to a hotel thoroughly in keeping with the atmosphere of the place. From the little hall you enter a large room set with tables. At one side is the largest fireplace I ever saw. On a great spit a sheep is roasting, while on smaller spits above it ducks and chickens sizzle. You give an order, the meat is sliced off before your eyes, and the spit continues slowly to turn.

After exploring the one street, and having been guided through the wonderful monastery, church, prison and fortress in one, it is well to visit the museum. It contains, of course, much that is conventional, but it possesses one thing that is absolutely unique in all the world—a collection of fifteen thousand watch cocks.

Now a watch cock was in use in France, perhaps elsewhere, from some time in the Sixteenth Century until toward the end of

the French empire. These cocks may be described as open-work covers to protect the mechanism, and add at the same time to the beauty of the timepiece. A vast number of those now exhibited in the museum are bits of consummate art, carved with the rarest skill, and of the most dainty and intricate design. Why this beautiful collection, without parallel in the world, should be found in this remote corner of France, I am unable to say, but here it is, and well worth seeing.

At five in the afternoon everyone gathers on the causeway, and on the western point of the island, to watch the coming of the tide, one of the sights of the world. As far as the eye can reach stretches the gray sand, silent, empty. Seven miles and a half lie between the ocean and the rock. Presently a strange murmur pervades the air; it seems to come from nowhere, and yet to be everywhere. And then, far on the horizon, lifts a line of white. Every moment it draws nearer, and the sound in the air swells louder; and then, with astonishing speed, sweeps up the line of crested sea, and in a moment the sands are but a space of swirling water. And on the wave ride in the fishing-boats that went

out to sea on the tide at dawn. Many a tragedy has been caused by the swift inrush of this true tidal wave, for, save along narrow paths, the bottom of this vast, strange bay is quicksand, and, after the tide has once turned, and the sound of its coming is heard, no man can hope to escape its reach unless he be close, indeed, to the Mount or the shores of the mainland. In autumn, when fierce northerly gales drive in the sea, this wave comes with such a rush across the seven miles of sand, that no horse is swift enough to evade it. So, at least, runs the tale they tell you at the Mount, and, having once seen the speed of even the tide of August, there is no disposition to question the statement.

A few years ago a Parisian sculptor desired to portray in marble the acme of human horror. Accompanied by a moving-picture machine, its operator, and an assistant, he went to Mont St. Michel and deliberately permitted himself to sink into the sands not far from the causeway, upon which the machine was placed to catch his expression. Of course, he was to be rescued at the proper moment. But almost immediately he felt the awful pull of the unseen forces down below, and, recognizing

the imminence of his danger, gave the signal to be released. But it was misunderstood, lower and lower he sank, while the conviction that he was thus miserably to perish turned intended acting to horrible reality. Fortunately some peasants, attracted by his screams, and familiar with the spot, succeeded in saving him at the last moment.

The guidebook of the Mount was written by the Marquis de Tombelaine, who was thoroughly familiar with the quicksands and the tides, and yet, on April 3d, 1892, he was engulfed a short distance from the ramparts, and his body was never recovered.

The French Government has a sensible way of acquiring the remarkable and beautiful places within its territory, and making them "National Monuments," thus preserving them from encroachment and providing for their care and maintenance at public expense. This has been done with Mont St. Michel, securing to the future traveler one of the most unusual and interesting sights of Europe.

CARCASSONNE · FRANCE

In the year 1 A.D. there lived in the vaguely known interior of what now is Germany a wild tribe of savage men, the Goths. In the year 250 they had grown into a powerful but barbaric people, having no part in the history of the civilized world. Five centuries more, and they had crushed the civilization that despised them, they had swept the Roman armies from the world, they had placed a Gothic emperor on the throne of the Cæsars, they had ruled from the Bosporus to the Gates of Hercules, and they had vanished utterly, leaving scant trace upon the earth of their language, their customs and their savage power.

Of all that has come down into our own day of this strange and meteoric people, perhaps the most complete and important is the city of Carcassonne in southwestern France. By this it is not meant that this most wonderful of the walled cities of Europe that still exists, is in all respects the Carcassonne of the Visigothic period, but it is a fact that from early in the four

hundreds, down to 725, this city was one of the most notable seats of Visigothic power, and that here, more than elsewhere, are still preserved Gothic walls and Gothic fortifications. It is said, indeed, that the whole great northern wall, which looks down so majestically from the steep hillside, is practically unchanged since those days when, at the close of the Sixth Century, it helped to turn back the beleaguering armies of the Franks.

In those far-off times of Gothic supremacy, the territory just north of the Pyrenees was politically part of Spain, then a Visigothic kingdom. It lay, however, so invitingly open to attack from the Frankish power, then dominant in what is now northern and central France, that over and again the Goths were driven back beyond the mountains, only to return in fresh numbers as soon as the soldiers of the Franks withdrew. Finally an army of sixty thousand men sat down before the walls of Carcassonne. But the town was impregnable, and, sallying forth from its two gates (and to this day there are only these two means of entering and leaving the city), the Goths so defeated the besiegers that never again, while the Gothic

THE DREAM CITY
CARCASSONNE

power remained, was a Frankish army seen in the south.

The power of the city thus begun by the Goths did not end with their final overthrow, but grew to still greater splendor under succeeding rulers, till it reached its zenith in the twelve hundreds.

After the Goths, and in turn the Saracens, had been expelled from the city, it passed into the possession of rulers known as the Viscounts of Carcassonne, who maintained for nearly five centuries an independent government save for the feudal overlordship of the kings of France. This independence came to an end in 1209. For some time there had been growing up in southern France a religious movement that, born before its time, was doomed to failure, but found its successful counterpart in the Reformation three centuries later. This movement was a protest against the claims of the Papacy to temporal power and the alleged corruption of the clergy. Its adherents demanded a simpler ritual of worship, and a stricter morality of life. They abjured the Mass, denied purgatory, and denounced as "image worship" the presence in the churches of statues and pictures. These

people were known as Albigenses, and among their adherents at the beginning of the twelve hundreds was the youthful Raymond Roger, Viscount of Carcassonne.

Against this sect the Pope declared a crusade, which was to be carried on under the same conditions as the crusades to the Holy Land, and in 1209 there encamped before the Viscount's city an army led by Simon de Montfort, the English Knight.

But the giant walls of Carcassonne could not be stormed, could not be battered down. And then this Englishman (I am ashamed that he was one) proposed to the boyish Viscount a conference just outside the walls. After all, could they not arrange these little matters—for the sake of peace could they not agree on a purgatory, with an image or two thrown in? The clanging portcullis was raised, the great gate thrown open. Rows of spearmen kept back the crowd, who cheered young Raymond Roger, as in gleaming armor he rode forth with but half a dozen horsemen at his side, the golden banner of his house carried proudly before him, to meet the grizzled de Montfort, where, across the river, lay the white tents of the enemy. Over the ramparts we tread to-day leaned many a

man-at-arms, men and ramparts that would have kept their young master safe against half the hosts of Christendom, and, as he went down the path, he turned and waved farewell, and they cheered him as he went.

And Simon de Montfort lied; and the Viscount came no more to his city and his people, who, to gain him back, surrendered themselves and their town to the traitorous Englishman. And then de Montfort lied again, and the boy whom he had captured by fair, false words was given a poisoned cup, and laid down his life, first martyr to the spirit of the Reformation, and de Montfort reigned in his stead.

A few years later de Montfort's son, plagued by the constant uprising of his subjects, gave up the city to the throne of France, and thenceforward the history of Carcassonne merged in the history of France, of which it has since remained a part.

And now this city remains, a white dream of the Middle Ages, just as it was on that day seven hundred odd years ago, when young Raymond Roger rode down the hill to captivity and to death. The circle of the great walls is neither more nor less than then, being

somewhat more than a mile in circumference. I know of only two other towns in Europe that present precisely the same appearance now as when armed knights rode in and out their gates, Rothenburg in Bavaria, and Avila in Spain. But Rothenburg was never a stronghold, and a few days' siege was sufficient for its capture. She is lovely, a bit out of fairyland, but she is not majestic. Avila's great walls circle the city for mile after mile in crude, unpicturesque strength. They are merely a fence, utterly hiding the low houses that huddle within. But Carcassonne is a piled-up majesty, like some fantastic city in the clouds—intact, unchanged, invulnerable to all the forces of its time. Its half-hundred soaring towers are grouped as by an artist; it is the pictured past. It is incarnate history and romance.

And this "distinct medieval silhouette," as Henry James calls it, has a worthy setting. On the very borderland of southern France, in sight of the peaks of the Pyrenees that mark where Spain begins, and only a few hours' ride to the westward from the blue reaches of the Mediterranean, it lords it over the most beautiful country in France.

A VISTA OF TOWERS
CARCASSONNE

The way thither from the coast at Narbonne leads along a valley of sheer loveliness. On the right, the outlines of far lavender mountains are suggested through the haze, and on the left the foothills of the Pyrenees come closer. Along the road are faded old towns of immense and picturesque antiquity, bridges of beautiful curves, bits of city walls, turreted castles, and here and there the isolated, ruined round towers where, of old, watchmen guarded the approaches to the valley, which is now one vast vineyard. For miles and miles, and as far on either hand as the eye can reach, stretches the vivid green of the vines. Coming from the brown, parched hillsides of central France, the impression is of infinite freshness and beauty. The vines are not grown on stakes or wires, but cut low, not above two feet or so from the ground. The stalks are strong and thick, but they bend to the earth with the weight of the fruit, much of which must ripen on the ground as it does in the Dalmatian vineyards, a thousand miles to the eastward.

The cultivation is of the highest order, no weeds show, and the earth is loose and rich. At no great distance from each

other are wells, each with a water-wheel turned creakingly by a slow plodding mule or ox, and, as the wheel revolves, the water is plashed from the little buckets into ditches that run out among the vines; a primitive system of irrigation brought across the mountains from Spain, where, centuries ago, it was introduced by the Moors. Already the peasants are making ready for the vintage, for the roads are filled with giant wagons piled high with hogsheads, and drawn by six or seven horses harnessed in tandem.

As the distance from the coast increases, the foothills break down into the valley, and suddenly on one low crest appears the vision of Carcassonne.

I have traveled many miles in many lands searching solely for the picturesque and the medieval, but never have I seen so perfect and splendid a picture, so complete an embodiment of what I sought. Everything one expects is there, and more. It is the one perfect, flawless thing I have so far found on earth.

At a respectful distance, and with a defending stream between, the railroad pauses at the new town (new six hundred years ago), one of the most distressingly

commonplace towns conceivable, with open sewers flowing through the streets, and more dogs to howl at night than are to be found in Constantinople. Its only redeeming feature is that it stays away from the real Carcassonne on the hill. It is respectful at least, and that, in this instance, is everything. There is a hotel in this new town, at which everybody advises you to stop, which is the third noisiest in Europe, and where you are some two miles from what you came out to see. But up on the hill, in the very heart of things, there is a quiet little inn with a magic courtyard full of palms and flowers, where automobiles cannot come, and where you can always be at peace.

Crossing the bridge with the stately towers and battlements of the city on the hill ever before you, you meet a path that clambers up the steep and pauses at the gate. Starting here, another path leads round the walls. This walk is the best of all. The solid masonry lifts far above you, and every turn brings to view new combinations of surpassing picturesqueness. Seventy miles to the south the great bulk of the Pyrenees blocks the horizon, and dotting all the tree-set valley that lies be-

tween are red-roofed villages and clustering farmhouses. A fresh, sweet wind comes out from the west and carries great white clouds across a sky of brilliant blue. The hot sun brings out the scent of the pines and the grass and the earth, and one is alone with nature and the past and a matchless day—a day of dreams and visions and delight. Carcassonne must be seen alone, the presence of a companion would break the spell.

Around by the farther gate, the Narbonne Gate, is the cemetery, its pointed trees and white crosses making an unexpected picture against the gray town. Keeping on under the cliff-like walls of the Gothic period, and we come back again to where the high-roofed citadel and tall flanking towers of the only other gateway compose into what is probably the most splendid medieval picture to be found anywhere. This entrance is a complicated one; you twist in and out among huge towers and vast defending walls, and under four distinct gates, above which the iron-barred portcullis still hangs, before you finally emerge into the narrow street that goes on to the little market-place. In the second story of the tower that guards

THE CITY WITHIN
CARCASSONNE

the outermost entrance is a fireplace, where swung a caldron which in time of siege was filled with boiling oil, and in the floor is a round hole where it was poured down upon the enemy.

There are two great walls to the city, one within the other, and between the two is an empty, grass-grown space. Within the inner wall the little city lies—and silence. Men and women live in these whitewashed houses, and children pass in the rough-paved streets. But all seem conscious of, even oppressed by, their unique environment that so sets them apart. In the perpetual presence of the past, life speaks in whispers. They seem in some way like ghosts, these quiet people of Carcassonne. They flit through the streets as shadows pass, in a colorless, shade-like existence, utterly different from the hearty, full-blooded peasants of the town below. There is little for them to do, and they do nothing. Two or three little shops that no one appears to tend, and where no one comes to buy; some stone-cutters in the tiny square, a priest slipping by in the shadow of a wall; a woman alone at a well; some boys silently passing, intent on some mysterious business; an old

woman who sits in the sun and begs—this was all the life I found.

I do not believe anyone dares follow these narrow streets at night, for there must be ghosts in Carcassonne; you are quite sure of it, even by day. The buildings are all made for someone else—for folk long dead. There is the Tower of the Inquisition with the Judges' room, long and low, and a wicked fireplace where torture irons were heated; and down below are other rooms, cell-like rooms; and still farther down other rooms, graves, where obdurate victims were walled up until they died; and below—but you do not want to follow. And beyond this grim old tower, where men did so devilishly, is the radiant, beautiful cathedral where they worshiped theologically 'mid purpling incense, and roll of organ, and pomp of crimson vestment, while a tortured Christ looked down from His cross above the altar.

And there is the Tower of Justice, where some wrongs, perhaps, were righted, and others perpetrated, and beyond this the Bishop's Palace, with walls and defenses making it a certain refuge in time of trouble.

Nothing is for to-day, or of to-day, or

for the use of the pale people living there, it is all part of a past life, but unchanged, untouched. Of course, there are ghosts in Carcassonne. Wouldn't you like to be in that old torture chamber some still night when the moon looks in at the window?

Over the Narbonne Gate is a curious, battered statue. Some say it is the image of the patron saint of the city, but much to be preferred is the picturesque legend sometimes told concerning it. When Charlemagne and his army encamped before the city in those remote times, when it was held by the Saracens, he found it impossible to take by storm its impregnable walls or force its mighty gates, but he drew his lines close, and day by day picked off the defenders. Finally only one old woman was left alive. Night and day she toiled along the walls, shooting arrows at the besiegers, hurling great stones from the machines, sounding a trumpet as for the gathering of a regiment, and doing this and doing that till Charlemagne was convinced that an army still held the town.

In triumph the old woman watched the folding tents of the mighty Emperor as he made ready to abandon the siege. And then a miracle happened. Alone on his

white horse, Charlemagne came forth for a last look at the city he could not take. On his shield was blazoned the cross, but the crescent still waved defiantly from the towers of Carcassonne. And then, as the old woman watched the Emperor, and the Emperor gazed at the towers, one by one those towers bowed down their heads before him, and unseen hands wiped out the crescent from the Saracen banner, and painted there the cross. By this miracle converted to the faith, the solitary defender opened wide the gates, and the astonished Emperor entered in. To commemorate her heroic defense, and her conversion to Christianity, Charlemagne caused the old woman's image to be made and placed above the gate, where to this day it may be seen.

Of course, there are ghosts at Carcassonne.

SAN GIMIGNANO·ITALY

Italy is a land of many and diverse interests; and occupying a unique place, geographically, historically, architecturally and pictorially, are the Hill Towns, those cities older than Rome, more picturesque than Florence, possessing a character and individuality that sets them apart from all other cities of Europe. While there are many things in common between these cities of the hills (those semi-mountains that range along the northern portion of central Italy) yet each possesses striking characteristics of its own. Perugia differs from Siena, and Assisi from both, but absolutely separate and utterly unlike all other towns not only of the Hills, but of earth, the one absolutely medieval thing in all Italy is San Gimignano. She is not of pre-Roman time like her neighbor Volterra—that was old when the grass grew on the seven hills and before the wolf was born that suckled Romulus—but still San Gimignano is old when measured by the things that are of to-day, for very early in the years that

marked the wane of Roman power people came to live upon her hill and sheltered themselves behind her walls now fast crumbling to decay. As time went on she gathered her thousands of inhabitants from all over Italy and grew in power until she assumed to dispute with Florence and Siena for supremacy. And here today, in the empty shell of what was her greatness, is visualized to the present the history, not of Roman, but of medieval Italy. Here is written in her walls, her great civic building, and her curious towers the story of all Italian cities of the Middle Ages, but written more plainly, more simply, more legibly than in any other record of that past.

For certain temperaments the things that are gone possess an interest that even exceeds the fascination of the present. What were the men like who lived in the ages that are no more? How did they live, what did they talk about, what interested them, what motives impelled or restrained them, what were their pleasures, their griefs, their thoughts? What did they do, and how and why did they do it? These are among the most absorbing and entertaining questions that a man can set

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL TOWERS
SAN GIMIGNANO

himself to answer, for they lead the mind back into the romance of strange things and along ways where flowed a different life than our own. It was the lure of these questions that took me to San Gimignano —that and the mere love of the picturesque that I knew abounded there among the old buildings.

Now I have a belief that environment is always an expression of life, and that therefore this medieval environment that here so perfectly persists, is an expression, an illustration, of the life that created it, just as electric lights and telephones express the needs and character of our Twentieth-Century existence. So that, if we can rightly interpret these existing signs and symbols, these cathedrals, castle walls and streets of a medieval city, then shall we come to a comprehension of the life that therein found its expression; come to a comprehension of what manner of men they were who found such surroundings suited to their needs. And San Gimignano, being a perfect survival of the past, "a somber thought of the Middle Ages," as Hutton calls it, can, therefore, introduce us to the men of the past, if we can only come to understand the language spoken by

its strange streets, its art and its traditions.

Right at the outset we are met by an apparent inconsistency, not local to San Gimignano, but which always confronts the student of medievalism. The art, the glass, the mosaic, the churches, speak of spirituality, of flesh restrained and soul aggrandized. But the strong towers, the barred windows, the prisons and the torture chambers speak of mere savages, of animals without thought of God or love of man. Pray what sort of a man was this who thus expressed himself in these conflicting ways, and wherein was he akin to us?

We differ from him at both extremes: the ages have wrought upon man a steady pressure of emotional suppression which we call development, so that in the Twentieth Century we can no more perpetrate the cruelties of the Twelfth, than we can endow our churches with that subtle impulse to spiritual exaltation which even the most insensate nature is conscious of when within a dim and vast cathedral. But what sort of a man was this ancestor of ours who could build both a cathedral and a rack? In the first place, all his sensa-

tions were keener, more vivid, because back of him were the Dark Ages of unrestraint. He loved more ardently, he hated more bitterly, he worshiped more intently. He was a creature of passion and, therefore, of impulse; to will was to do; to desire was to possess; to suffer wrong was to take revenge. But love, hate, lust, revenge and worship are all emotions, and our medieval man was, therefore, intensely emotional. Circumstances would combine to direct this emotionalism into other channels as well, but without diverting it from these manifestations already noted. Intense love of beauty is but a product of the emotional temperament, and even in our own generation sometimes goes hand in hand with those undesirable products of unrestrained impulse so often associated in the popular mind with the artistic temperament.

I cannot but feel the conviction that, after all, there is nothing inconsistent in the medieval character, and that we owe its beauties and its vices, its exaltation of spirit and its licensed lusts, to precisely one and the same fact, and that is that the man of the period was uniquely and tremendously emotional. He must have felt more deeply than we to build a cathedral

of such exquisite beauty as could be in itself an inspiration to worship; he must have been more emotional than we are to fight a tournament for the love of a lady, or to encounter the perils and labors of the crusades to rescue the burial place of a dead Christ. This emotionalism accounts at one and the same time for all his traits, both good and bad, and by that accounting makes his inconsistency more apparent than real, for it is the common source of all his impulses. It rather seems to me that in his manifestations the only thing of to-day that approaches the medieval man, is a boy.

And San Gimignano explains the men who made it,—and makes alive their story. During the Middle Ages Italy differed from all the rest of Europe, not only because it never wholly lost the influence of Roman culture, law and custom, but, because of that influence, it was unaffected by the feudal system elsewhere developing. Rome was an Empire of cities. The rural community was a thing of no influence in government, and this condition continued in the peninsula after Rome's power faded, so that the cities of Italy became independent States, or, at least, influences, looking

THE OUTSIDE WALLS
SAN GIMIGNANO

to no protecting over-lord, as did the landowners of much of the rest of Europe, who held their lands by feudal tenure. Elsewhere the cities were usually merely a part of the nation, a part of the land, but in Italy they were apart from the land, for the Germanic races occupied an entirely different and much more considerate attitude toward the rural population than did the Roman.* Thus we find in this little hill town all the paraphernalia of a State, and all the conflicting ambitions and factions that go to disturb the peace of a State. Not only did it fight against other towns, but its rival families slaughtered each other in civil warfare. So we must think of San Gimignano in the Middle Ages, not as a city in the modern sense, but as an independent State, a nation.

Its emotional inhabitants expressed their medieval temperament in wonderful frescoed churches; in a town-house of unsurpassed beauty; in savage warfare against neighboring towns; in horrible tortures; in the utterly unprecedented towers

* This of course is a very general statement, and in making it I am not unmindful of the many free cities of Germany, nor of the part cities everywhere played in the development of freedom.

of defense which protected every man's home against his neighbor; in an unrestrained impulse to murder that neighbor when profitable and convenient; and, finally, in a religious fervor that beatified as the city's patron saint the most morbidly emotional figure in Italian history, the child Saint Fina. The city's power reached its zenith in the twelve and thirteen hundreds, when her aid was sought by the rival city-States of Florence and Siena. In 1300 Florence proposed an alliance, and sent Dante, who was a politician as well as a poet, as her Ambassador to San Gimignano to persuade its people to the compact. The town was a republic, after the manner, at least, of other Italian republics, and, after addressing the Council in the beautiful chamber of the city hall, as we would term the Palazzo del Comune, he stepped out upon the balcony, where the traveler is allowed to stand to-day, and so eloquently did he appeal to the people gathered in the square below, that his cause was won, and for many years thereafter San Gimignano followed the leadership of Florence. But these people of San Gimignano were a quarrelsome folk, and year after year, when not fighting under the

banner of Florence, were fighting with each other. One night in 1352 the then Chief Magistrate had two youths, members of a rival family, arrested on a charge of conspiracy against the State, and soon, on a scaffold in the square, they poured out their blood. On the next moonless night the boys' friends murdered the city's executive and burned his palace to the ground. Of such was the strenuous life in San Gimignano in the days when she was great.

At this opportune moment of chaos Florence calmly annexed the town "for the peace of the people," and that was the end of the little Republic's independent career.

It was in the turbulent years preceding the Florentine conquest that the city's noble families built the strange fortress-palaces, that still linger on, asleep. As neighbor was so often at real war with neighbor, each palace became literally a fortress, and so arose these bleak stone towers, veritable strongholds against the enemy across the street. Some fifty of these towers marking the homes of that many noble families were built about this time, though now all but thirteen have been destroyed. Each patrician strove to build

higher than his neighbor, until finally the city fathers built over the town-house a tower one hundred and sixty-seven feet high, which still stands, and higher than which no one was allowed to go.

But in another and more subtle way than in her embattled residences and hall of state San Gimignano brings an accurate picture of the past into the view of the present. Not only did Italy inherit traditions of Roman civic government, but she also remained, to a greater extent than she was conscious of, under the influence of the Pagan culture. Broadly put, Paganism was ever a creed of selfishness, and this selfishness medieval Italy grafted upon its Christianity, until St. Francis of Assisi struck it off, and thus arose those mystics, those hermits and anchorites, whose reputation for sanctity came not from good works, but from a morbid surrender to self; a sanctity whose aim was salvation for self through a complete withdrawal from contaminating humanity.

The most curious instance of this trait of the medieval temperament is found in the records of San Gimignano, and the fact that its influence still persists and still mentally dominates the town, illustrates

the fact that here in San Gimignano we have a medieval survival in the midst of the Twentieth Century. This is the story of St. Fina. I am going to quote the version given by Edward Hutton in his *Siena and Southern Tuscany,* though a more fantastic account is offered by Maurice Hewlett in *The Road in Tuscany.*

" Fina de' Ciardi was born in 1238 of a poor yet noble family of San Gimignano. Till she was ten years old she was the delight of her father's house, bright as a ray of spring sunshine in the dark rooms there, beautiful as a flower fallen from the gardens of Paradise, happy as a little singing-bird at morning. But in 1248 she fell ill, one of the most dreadful diseases of the Middle Ages befell her, and, thinking she was the innocent victim of God's anger on that tremendous century, she chose to lie on a plank of hard oak, refused a bed, and for five years offered herself to God in expiation of sins she could not name. Fearfully tormented by the devil, who appeared to her in his old form of a serpent, eight days before her death she was comforted by a vision of St. Gregory, who promised that on his feast day, 12 March, 1253, she should join him

in Paradise. And it happened as he said. But when they would have buried her, they found her body so terribly mangled by disease that already the worms devoured it; and when they would have lifted her from her plank, they found that her flesh adhered to it, and that, indeed, her body had died before her soul had taken its departure. Scarcely had she gone, when the devils, fearing doubtless her advocacy in heaven, 'filled the air with whirl-winds; but against them, moved by angel hands, the bells of San Gimignano rang out in sweet confidence, so that the whirl-winds were calmed and the storm stilled. And when the people came to the house of St. Fina they found it full of the most sweet fragrance as of Paradise itself, and lo, the room where the holy body lay was filled with flowers; and, marveling at this, they presently went away.' "

And the memory of this poor, morbid little girl yet dominates the life of San Gimignano, just as the strange, tall towers dominate the streets. And for these two reasons the town is a bit of visible medievalism injected into the present.

From the standpoint of the picturesque, as Clovelly is unique in England, so has San

AT THE WASHING POOL
SAN GIMIGNANO

Gimignano a place apart among the towns of Italy; yes, more, for among all the cities of Europe none presents just such an extraordinary appearance. It lies about thirty miles north of Siena, and when, driving from the railroad station some seven miles away, the first view comes upon you, the sensation is one of utter astonishment that such a thing can be, an amazement that strengthens with nearer approach. It is a city so utterly different from all other cities that description is difficult; there is no common meeting-ground of expression, no vocabulary of comparison. It reminds you of nothing; it is one of the places of earth that are, by their strangeness, in a class by themselves.

The low ridge is lifted against the sky crowded with houses, and then, above those houses, are reared not spires, nor domes, nor taller palaces, nor anything the like of which you have ever seen before, but great, gaunt, unadorned square towers, each more than a hundred feet in height. And all is penned within the narrow circle of the venerable and now fast disappearing walls.

Perhaps alone among the towns of Europe San Gimignano is utterly without

a modern quarter, a modern dwelling. Less than five thousand people now live among the strange buildings where ten times that number once had their homes. The railroad is miles away; no clattering tram blots the medieval picture. You drive under a low gate and enter upon a dream. I know the fashion to speak of dream towns; I am not using the term in that way, but because the word most accurately defines the sensation that comes upon you as you pass within the place. The streets, the buildings, are so entirely outside the scope of experience, so at variance with the custom of men and cities that, seeking a parallel, you are forced back upon those visions of the dozy hours, when who has not wandered in a city impossible to find on earth! Well, this is the city of sleep, of dreams. The streets have that same gray, empty look; archways leap purposelessly across the road and add to the mystery and the wonderful effect of shine and shadow that I have never seen equaled elsewhere. And as these silent ways wind in and out, always above them rise those monstrous towers, like a living, menacing presence.

It might not be so with another, but as I walked alone, the silence, and the people

only here and there, and the shadows, and the gates, and, most of all, the great towers that seemed to follow after, grew more and more a dream, and by and by there came that sense of fear that comes in dreams; and so to me San Gimignano will ever be the city of a dream.

The town to-day is pathetic. Poverty has come with age to the "city of beautiful towers." Year by year her population has dwindled, and her wealth decreased. Only one noble family remains in the city, and occupies the palace of its ancestors. But it has fallen on evil times, and now the descendant of generations of proud and titled men and women gives dancing lessons in the vast, half-empty palace of his fathers. Most of the other great houses are let out in apartments, and you can get a whole floor, with all its faded grandeur, for an absurdly small amount, for rents are low in San Gimignano.

Little industry survives. There is the wine to be brought to market, and there are a few skilled artisans in wood, their little shops often found in the ground floor of a mansion whose ancient owners were makers of history. The young men go away, some forever, but more for the win-

ter, coming back in the summer to the old home, which exercises its fascination upon them as it must on all who ever come within its strange charm. My guide, for instance, goes every winter to London, where he gets employment as a chauffeur and adds to his knowledge of English. The town is much too big for the small population that remains, and the resulting emptiness of the streets adds to the dreamlike atmosphere of the place.

In the market-place is a little bookstand where are displayed for the young Italian translations of the most lurid of the American dime novels of a generation ago. *Texas Jack* and *The Pinkerton Spy* are offered with flaming covers, and a choice assortment of others, illustrated with red and yellow pictures of Indians burning their captives at the stake, and other scenes from the supposed life of the American Great West. Unfortunately this is not unique in San Gimignano, as I saw these books everywhere in Europe, translated into every language, and displayed in the remotest and most inaccessible villages.

The life of to-day is rather barren of amusements, and with but a limited range of interests. Annually there is a great

IN A BYWAY
SAN GIMIGNANO

celebration of the birthday of St. Fina. It is the one great event of the year. The people dress themselves in medieval costume and parade around the crumbling walls; there are tableaux presenting scenes from her sad little life, and from all the neighboring villages the peasants flock to town to take part in the ceremonies, which end with mass in the cathedral. Aside from this there is little to break the monotony except the moving-picture show, which draws its crowds nightly. It is interesting to watch the audiences, for they so frankly express in their faces the passing emotion. Clearly they prefer the scenes of murder and revenge, while the humorous pictures excite but little attention.

No housewife does her laundry work at home. Far below the wall-crowned hill on which the city stands, and just outside the arch of a ruined gate, whence a path leads downward, is the public washing-place. Under great arches in the hillside are dark pools, and here come the women carrying the weekly linen in baskets on their heads, and followed by their children, and here, with not a little song and laughter, they do their washing, with the children playing around them. These pools and arches,

with the gate-blocked path, and the city towers above, form one of the most picturesque bits that can be found anywhere.

One evening, when the shadows of the towers lay deeper, and the dusk was coming on, out from the twilight came at double-quick a procession of men covered with long black gowns, over their heads pointed hoods, and down across their faces black masks with narrow slits for eyes and mouth. Each man carried aloft a torch whose yellow flame blended strangely with the shadows. Behind them, drawn by four shrouded men, was a bier where, under a black pall, a dead man lay. Thus, at evening, do they bury their dead.

In the ancient days the citadel of San Gimignano was a stronghold that defied many attacks, but to-day it is only a homestead with a garden of tomatoes and sweet-smelling herbs growing within the ramparts. A boy opens the door and leads you along the garden paths to narrow steps, within what once were the castle walls, and when you climb them you find yourself upon the watch-tower, and all around the unobstructed circle of the far horizon, with those closely grouped towers

of the city rising just before you, and the wide sweep of the sunlit valleys holding many towns within their hollows.

Wonderfully interesting are the city hall and the square in which it stands. The former has a quaint courtyard with a fountain and an outer stairway, which, set about with marbles and coats-of-arms, leads to an open loge, and thus to the council chamber. Not far from this square is the cathedral, a plain basilica of the Twelfth Century, but within, its walls are absolutely covered from end to end with the most extraordinary series of frescoes, centuries old. On one side are scenes from the Old Testament, and on the other from the New. Much of the drawing is crude, and the treatment is astonishing in its naïveté. Never shall I forget the scene where Noah had gone to sleep after drinking too much wine, nor the amazing mangling of the human form that is represented as marking the culminating row at the Tower of Babel after the confusion of tongues. Hell is portrayed most literally, and close by is a pictured heaven where naked men with whiskers sit on uncushioned golden seats, and twang harps forever and forever, while

smiling over at their suffering brethren on the other wall.

Another marvelous series of frescoes of much greater artistic value than those in the cathedral, are on the walls of Sant' Agostino. They portray the life of Saint Augustine. The first view shows Saint Augustine at school, and pictures a naughty boy horsed on the back of another, and being soundly spanked in the approved old English way. With his left hand the teacher points approvingly to the little Saint who, with book in hand, stands an interested spectator, upon his face an expression of the most smug, exasperating, self-conscious righteousness I ever saw. If boys haven't changed, and this picture is a true tale, it is safe to say that the little sinner under the rod smashed the Saint's face for him, the first chance he got. This series of frescoes is said by competent authority to be worth coming from America to see. And maybe so, but for me infinitely more worth while is the wonderful picturesqueness of the town itself.

There is one place in particular that makes a picture of extreme beauty. At the foot of a hill two ways meet, and one gives a glimpse of open country, and one of mys-

terious steps and the old city gate with the tall towers beyond. For strange effects of light and shade, for wonderful composition of form, and for soft coloring, I know of nothing like it.

There are other towns in Italy that are, perhaps, more beautiful—Amalfi, for example—and Bellagio, but beauty is one thing, and picturesqueness another and, sometimes, a different thing, and though they often are found together, they are entirely independent elements of a landscape or a city. And for complete and perfect picturesqueness I do not believe a town can be found in all Italy that is the equal of San Gimignano.

BVSSACO · PORTVGAL

In Bussaco you may live in a king's house, and wander through a sacred grove where a Pope once said women should never go. And at luncheon in a royal hall you may see barefooted peasants bump their heads on the window glass as they stare in at you, because they do not know what glass is, and fail to perceive that it is there. And, later, you may watch these peasants dance queer dances in the openings of the forest, and hear them sing strange folk songs. And you may see many beautiful things, and many curious things, and look out at great views of mountains and plains, and tread old battlefields. If your visit is in the winter, there will be no frost, for the mercury never goes below forty degrees, and if in summer, there will be no heat. By night you will sleep amidst the great quiet of the woods, and by day you will be served elaborate meals exquisitely cooked. It will cost you two dollars and sixty cents a day, and you will be glad you came, and happy to stay, and sorry to go. And all this will

happen to you when you are in Bussaco in Portugal.

I like to find places that are unusual, and that possess a distinct character all their own. And nowhere else in the world is there a spot in the least like Bussaco. To one familiar with California, it may suggest Del Monte, but added to natural charms greater than Del Monte's is the remarkable historic association, and a local color as rich and varied as can be found anywhere in Europe west of Dalmatia.

The readers of *Ben Hur* will recall the description of the sacred grove of Daphne situated near Antioch, and dedicated to the heathen goddess. Here at Bussaco is another sacred grove once dedicated to Christian worship; shrines and temples filled the pagan wood, and shrines and temples crown the green heights of Bussaco and gleam through the deep, dark aisles of the forest.

For a thousand years this strange, wonderful spot has been the domain of successive Christian orders. During the years from the Eleventh Century to the Seventeenth the Archbishops of Braga owned this territory, and hither came saints to pray, and sinners to escape an

avenging law, for not only was God close to these solitary places, but here was declared sanctuary from the consequences of crime. Then, in 1636, the Archbishop gave the property to the Carmelites, and upon the outer wall the Pope placed his edict that whoso injured the trees and flowers within was anathema of the Church, and later, and on the other side the gate, a second bull appeared decreeing excommunication against any woman who should ever dare to pass within. And to-day, through the open doorway, women come and go, and few pause to translate the quaint Latin of the old inscriptions, and none turns back.

As the centuries passed on, and the world fell away from the old faith, the State looked covetously on this beautiful domain of the Church, and some fifty years ago boldly seized upon it as its own—and, after a thousand years, the long-robed friar prayed no more at the shaded shrines, nor knelt at the monastery's altar.

Later a Portuguese king called together the architects and artists of his kingdom, and he bid them build in this fairy grove a palace such as they thought the folk of fay themselves might build; it was to be the in-

THE ONE-TIME ROYAL PALACE
BUSSACO

carnation of a dream, of their ideal of a truly fairy castle in this enchanted wood.

And in the midst of a clearing by the side of which fountains splash in a garden of palms, with giant cedars for a background, sprang up a pure white marble vision, turreted and towered and girt about with strange fantastic carving; and within, upon the walls, are painted beautiful frescoes, and are placed rare tiles so fine, so costly, that few of the royal palaces of Europe can equal this strange, lonely castle in this lonely, beautiful wood.

In 1888 it was finished. But the years move faster now. Gone was the priest, but gone now is the king. The monastery fell before the palace, and palace and king before the People, and the king's house is now but a hotel—some say the rarest, most exquisite hotel in Europe, and some say in all the world.

Bussaco is a mountain ridge, and 'round its base, many miles in circumference, runs the ancient wall. Within, and crowding to the very summit, is a forest such as can be found nowhere else. The remarkable climate brings to perfection the trees of the temperate zone and those of semi-tropical regions. Cork trees, palms, cedars of

Lebanon, oranges, lemons, figs, mighty oaks and pines, unite in what competent authorities pronounce the greatest variety to be found in any region of the world.

During the centuries it was a labor of love impressed on all the wandering monks to send to Bussaco's sacred grove specimens of the rare plants and trees found in other lands, and, transplanted here and carefully tended, the result is one of unprecedented beauty. Within the forest the monks built numberless shrines and Stations of the Cross, lonely dwellings on distant rocks, and sacred stairs that lead, a penitential way, to a far figure of the Christ.

Threading all the forest are roads that go through beauty to wide views and strange places. One path climbs by a steep zigzag to a ruined watch-tower, and from its base a vast landscape is visible; to the east the mountains, and to the west a great plain stretches to the sea. Another road ends at a beautiful gate that looks out upon a wide expanse of country where I can count twenty scattered villages set round with olive groves and orange trees.

There are, of course, in addition to the

pathways, well-kept main traveled roads, starting at the palace and running in many directions under the dense shade of lofty trees. Here the automobiles of the rich guests come and go, and Portuguese gentlemen astride absurd little donkeys take the view, for why should a gentleman walk? So the paths are happily deserted save for the few stray Englishmen who chance this way. The roads are well sprinkled by a contrivance not much larger than a barrel, mounted on solid wooden wheels and drawn by two little oxen. This is filled through a hole at the top by dipping up water from wayside pools with a large, long-handled dipper. I watched two men take turns at the dipper for half an hour, and even then their task was far from finished.

Once, following a winding path that led far into the heart of the forest, where the light was pale green, splashed with bits of yellow sunlight sifting through the tangle of branches overhead, I heard afar the drip of water and, after a time, came to where, amid the trees, the Sacra Scala leads up the mountain side. These are broad stairs in ten successive stages of fifteen steps each, ending in the vision of a shrine, from underneath which pours out a brook that cas-

cades along a rocky channel in the center of the great stairway. On each landing-place it broadens to a pool set round with palms and ferns and mossy marble seats. The long reach of balustrade and the pavement on the landings are inlaid with pebbles of white and red and black in intricate design, and the whole effect under the dusk of the great trees, and amid the profound silence of the place, is singularly beautiful and impressive.

For centuries penitent monks toiled up this way, and their day and its customs seemed as fixed and as permanent as humanity itself; and now they have vanished utterly, the kingdom, too, has passed, and gone is the power of king and priest and prelate; the shrines of centuries are empty, and there is none to worship at the deserted altars; an alien from a land they did not guess, of a faith that they abhorred, sits in the sacred places and studies anew the lesson of eternal change. Time and again I found my way back to this strange sweet place, the lonesomest and most beautiful in all the miles of woods.

But at every turn there is something to remind one of the priests that are gone. Seen through long vistas of stately trees,

A PORTUGUESE BEGGAR
BUSSACO

or through ivy-covered, half-ruined gateways, these tenantless cells of long dead monks form as strange, pathetic and yet beautiful pictures as can be found in all the world. Through the broken door sunlight floods in on faint frescoes of the Christ; little cup-like hollows for alms still remain sunk in the window-sills; the sad, little bedrooms, the kitchens—all remain. It is the world and the ways thereof that have changed.

One noon in the darkest recesses of the woods, where a faded shrine was given dimly back from a black pool beside it, I came upon a swarthy, gypsy-faced boy bending over a little fire of twigs toasting a bit of bread that was to be his dinner; a lonesome, pathetic little figure that so needed mothering. Somehow he seemed not of to-day, but to have been left behind by the days of monks and kings.

One night a strolling band of musicians, two of them blind, wandered to the hotel, and all the evening they played and sang the strange Portuguese music. It seems all in a minor key, and has an odd trick of ending a measure on a lower note when you expect a higher one. The theme is usually short, but is repeated over and over in

different keys, but ever with a thread of sadness in the melody. The brightness that distinguishes the Spanish folk music has all gone out of it on this side the mountains. This strolling band of players also seemed to belong to some ancient yesterday as they vanished in the woods beyond the yellow circle of the hotel's electric lights.

Sunday morning brought to the sacred grove what in America would be termed a church picnic. Some two hundred peasants came toiling up the hill, the men in rusty black with commonplace, soft felt-hats of the same color, but the women gay as butterflies, the most gorgeously costumed peasantry I have seen, save in Dalmatia and the lands that lie beyond. Each wore a short skirt made exceedingly full at the hips, where it was girded in like a huge ruff by a band of some contrasting color. Sometimes these skirts were black, sometimes red, the red of the heart of a flame, sometimes intensest blue, sometimes orange, sometimes green. Over their shoulders were little shawls of the most vivid color schemes carried out in the most startling patterns it is possible to imagine. Then, over the head, and coming down

upon this glowing mass of color, was a handkerchief of some other dazzling hue. Every possible shade and combination were represented, so that the white path between the dull-green cedars seemed alight with some strange fire as the folk came upward toward the hotel.

The men slouched shiftlessly, but the women walked erect and carried on their heads lunch-baskets and tall slender wine-jars of red clay. By ten o'clock they were scattered through the woods, eating breakfast in picturesque groups. A priest was with them, and, after the inevitable siesta at noon, when they stretched themselves out in the shade and slept, he gathered his flock around him and preached vigorously. And afterwards came the really interesting event of the day. A dozen musicians were in the party. The tennis court by the hotel was cleared, and in the center a circle was made in the crowd. The musicians stood at one side in a line, the music for one pinned on the back of his neighbor, while the man in front, who played the bass viol, had a boy to hold his notes. Besides the viol, there were three violins, three guitars, a banjo and several flutes. Into the circle stepped some fifteen couples. To a rather

tuneless minor air a slow dance began. Three steps to the right, a pause during which the dancers stood rigid with arms bent above the head, three steps to the left, a pause, a swing half round, and then the men backed away from the girls, all clapping their hands together in time with the music. Forward again, and a slow swing completed the figure, which was repeated over and over again, the dancers singing the while in rather shrill voices, not at all comparable to the peasant voices of Italy or of Spain.

Another dance was quicker (the one just described was incredibly slow), and was in march time, with all the intricate figure of a modern cotillion. So involved were these changes that it was impossible for the eye to follow them clearly, but the effect was very beautiful, enhanced by the tambourines decked with long, gay streamers of ribbon, used effectively by the girls. There was a song for this, as for all the dances.

Then while the country folk were making ready for home, the little orchestra played national airs, ending with the Portuguese hymn. As the familiar strains began, nearly all the men removed their hats. Some of the younger ones, however, con-

THE FOREST STAIRS
BUSSACO

tinued to wear theirs with a surly, defiant air. Near me was one whose bearing was particularly offensive, and at about the second strain someone knocked his hat to the ground. A blow was the answer, and in an instant a lively battle was in progress between the men with hats and those without. The hatless won, and the confusion lasted but a moment. It was explained to me that their feeling really marked the difference between the lovers of the old régime and the more rabid adherents of the Republic; in some subtle way respect for the old national anthem seeming to stand for respect to the monarchy that for so long was in fact the nation.

Very different was a ball given one evening by the guests in the hotel. There were conventional waltzes and two-steps, and in addition several dances peculiarly Portuguese. One especially was extremely beautiful. It was danced by four young women in the center of the floor, and they sang throughout the measure. It was full of motion and grace; at one point the dancers raised their arms above the head, snapping their fingers in time with the music; at another place they beat time by striking their palms together as in the

peasant dance. But there seemed little in common between these refined, clear-featured people of the aristocracy, and the heavy, blank-faced peasants who were dancing on the lawn.

In no other country of Europe is the physical and mental contrast between the upper classes and the peasant so marked as in Portugal. After reading Hume's enthusiastic comments on the Portuguese peasants, I was frankly disappointed in what I found. Eighty per cent. of the entire population of the country can neither read nor write, which means that practically the whole peasant class is densely ignorant. But not only are they untaught, but they impressed me as the dirtiest, most ill-favored and generally unattractive peasantry in Europe. Their voices are harsh, their ways uncouth, and their play as boorish as the crude horseplay the Dutch peasants sometimes indulge in.

In no respect are they comparable to the German peasant, particularly the keen-faced, sweet-mannered folk of Bavaria. The Swiss peasant is also immensely superior, as is the happy, handsome Italian, and the quicker-witted, more attractive Spaniard.

The land is immensely fertile, the climate the finest in the world, but the people certainly present, with their ignorance, incapacity and vice, a governmental problem which may be beyond the power of the lately established Republic to solve.

A hundred odd years ago history came this way, and from the intrenched heights of Bussaco Wellington's warriors beat back the French, and first demonstrated to the soldiers of Napoleon that they were not invincible.

For days before the 27th of September, 1810, Bussaco's day of iron and blood, Wellington's troops had occupied the long ridge of the mountain, and his officers had filled every nook and corner of monastery, chapels and solitary dwellings, the monks sleeping, if at all, under the shelter of the trees. Fifty thousand allied Englishmen and Portuguese waited within the protection of the walls the oncoming Frenchmen under command of Masséna, who had never yet been beaten. All day long the legions of France charged up the mountain side, to be hurled back again by the crushing weight of English shot and shell. Only once did a thin line reach the summit, to melt to death before the bayonets of Well-

ington's reinforcements. And when the sun went down, six thousand dead lay upon the field, and under the trees the monks nursed the wounded.

But I know no place where to-day strife and turmoil seem more incongruous. The friars of old laid so definite a spell of peace upon these great woods that it yet abides, and the visitor yields so completely to its charm that the cares of life and the worries of the world drop away, and, as the days go by, one begins to question whether it is worth while to go back, whether, after all, anything could be better than staying on forever. I am not at all sure but that to remain here too long would be to find "all the rest of life an exile."

CINTRA·PORTVGAL

Seven green pools at Cintra,
In the pleasance of the king,
Where twilight sits and lingers
Or flits on solemn wing.
—Florence Wilkenson.

I came to Cintra in the light of the full September moon. The low buildings were chalk-white among the green-black palms and dense masses of foliage crowding up the mountain side. Along a winding way the road led from the station through tunnel-like gloom of far-reaching branches; out again into clear spaces, where the moon looked down; past a slanting street of steps lit part way up by a faint lantern casting strange lights and shades upon the mysteriously shadowed buildings; by an archway through which a dim, half-seen alley led to blackness; along the open road with a vivid view of the palace with its weird, gigantic chimneys; and finally into an irregular market-place that seemed a stage setting for some comic opera. Other market squares, particularly that of Middelburg, have seemed like this, but none so eminently. At one side is the entrance to the

ancient palace of the Moors, the palace whence only a few years ago poor Queen Maria Pia fled on that fateful morning of the revolution. Flanking this are two enormous palms set round with bench-like seats of quaint Moorish tiling; nearby a strangely twisted column of Manueline design, half hid in the shadow; opposite, a three-story building of bright-blue glazed tile, and by it on the right a long, low, tiled hotel of varied colors and patterns; on the left, a salmon-colored house, and close at hand one of deepest crimson; in one corner of the square a fruit-stand piled high with white and purple grapes and yellow pears, and red peaches, and pale-green melons, presided over by an old, old woman with strange, heavy earrings in her ears, and over her head a rainbow handkerchief.

Everything was wonderfully foreign. To and fro went peasant women with short skirts and bright-hued waists, and headdresses of a hundred colors. Out of the gloom a slim girl passed to the fountain with a dull-red water-jar carried on her thick, black hair. Men in long-tasseled caps came and went on little donkeys. Under a window stood an enamored lad shout-

ing out courtship to his Heart's Desire, who called responsively down to him, for thus only, saith Mrs. Grundy, may courtship progress in these little towns of Portugal. Everywhere was the strange and the unfamiliar. And then, looking up, I saw by the white moonlight, crowning the mountain-top, the splendid walls of a Moorish stronghold, old these thousand years.

Cintra is one of the world's show places. For centuries poets have sung its beauty. Byron exclaims, "Lo, Cintra's glorious Eden!" and in a letter to his mother says, "The village of Cintra is, perhaps, in every respect the most delightful in Europe." Southey, the poet, writes that "Cintra is the most blessed spot in the habitable globe." Beckford, who wrote *Vathek,* and built here a wonderful palace, says, "The scenery is truly Elysian and exactly such as poets assign for the resorts of happy spirits." 'Way back in 1450, a German bishop sighed on his return, for "Cintra, most pleasant place," and Baedeker quotes an ancient Spanish proverb, "To see the world and leave Cintra out is to go blindfold." A modern Portuguese poet thus praises the town:

Ah, Cintra, blest abode,
Who loves thee not; and who
Can e'er forget in life
An hour passed in thy lap?

The late Queen Maria Pia would ask every stranger presented to her, "Have you been long in Portugal?" and then, "Have you been at Cintra?" and if the answer was "No," she would exclaim, "Ah, then you have not seen Portugal!"

The little town of some five thousand people is about fifteen miles from Lisbon, and four or five miles from the coast. The mountain of Cintra is a narrow, precipitous range about eight miles in length, rising eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Near the highest point a rocky spur is thrown out into the valley, and here, clinging to the slopes, lies Cintra. Directly over the town, and a thousand feet above it, upon the edge of an almost inaccessible cliff, rise the long walls and irregular towers of the Moorish fortress. Beyond this is the exceedingly picturesque Pena Palace.

Climatically, there is probably no other such favored country on earth as Portugal. Here at Cintra frost never comes, and, on the other hand, the elevation of the town,

FROM THE MOORISH RUINS
CINTRA

and the cool breezes from the sea, prevent extremes of heat. These breezes also bring moisture, with the result that the trees and plants of every clime flourish vigorously, and the gardens and groves of Cintra are conceded to be the finest in the world. All around lie the villas of people of wealth, who come here from England and nearly every country of the continent, and maintain, summer and winter, a life that for splendor and luxury can scarcely be equaled in Europe. An added brilliancy was formerly given by the presence of the Court. The Queen Grandmother, Maria Pia, always lived in the Moorish palace in the town, and King Carlos made his home in the Pena Palace on the hill, and there his Queen kept her residence after the murder of her husband and eldest son. The result has been to make Cintra the most civilized and agreeable, as it certainly is the most beautiful village in Portugal. The word "civilized" is used advisedly, for while the landscape of Portugal possesses much beauty, and the singular architecture known as Manueline exercises the spell always felt at first encounter with the bizarre and the unusual, and the semi-tropic vegetation stirs with delight the

northern heart, yet there is no country of Europe where revolting poverty is so in evidence, where beggars are so persistent and so sickening in their paraded deformities, where dense ignorance is so general, and where ignorance and poverty have so brutalized the masses of the people. But Cintra is clean as well as beautiful, and the peasants have faces more intelligent and persons more cleanly than anywhere else in Portugal. Poverty here is not such utter and abandoned destitution, and there is a brighter and livelier mood than elsewhere in the nation. Among the local institutions which may have contributed to this result is an official "Beggars' Day." This is Saturday, and then it is "Hark, hark, the dogs do bark, the beggars are coming to town." They come early, and they stay late. They come from villages miles away, and they come from the lanes and the streets of Cintra. They come literally in rags and tags, but none in velvet gowns. By twos and threes, and by the score they come, till the market-place is filled and the ways of the town are thronged by them. By the unwritten law that rules the day, every merchant contributes his dole, and at least two of the

hotels furnish bread and wine in a specified amount. But the other six days of the week the town is free from them, and the tourist can take his way unmolested by the motley crew that elsewhere dog his footsteps continually.

Long before the beauty of this little town on the mountain became known to the world, its attractions were acknowledged by the Moors, the most temperamental of any race that ever lived on European soil. It was not long after their conquest of the country in the Eighth Century that they established the seat of their power at Cintra, built a palace in the town, and, upon the impending cliff above, a vast impregnable fortress. Protected by this great castle, the exquisite life of the Moors flowed on for centuries till the Christian King of northern Portugal bribed the keeper of the citadel, and through this purchased treason the Mohammedans were surprised to ruin and death. As time went on, the palace in the market-place fell to ruin, and the fortifications on the mountain entered upon that slow process of decay which, persisting for centuries, still leaves these great walls among the most impressive ruins of Europe.

Four hundred years ago, when John I came to the throne and Portugal entered upon her brief career of greatness, he built out of the ruins of the palace in the town a queer-looking pile, which, with additions by later monarchs, stands to-day. Its most striking architectural features are the two curious chimneys, the most celebrated in Europe, that rise above the kitchen. They are great inverted hollow cones, entirely covering the room beneath.

Royalty always occupied this palace, for Cintra has ever been the favorite home of Portuguese rulers. Now the republican government is in charge of the property, and officials show you through the queer old rooms, where legend and romance wait on every step. The ceiling of one room is black with painted magpies, each with a scroll in his beak on which appears a sentence which, freely translated, means, "With good intent." They say that King John was once caught by his Queen, who had red hair, kissing a pretty maid, and that the unfortunate monarch stammered, "With good intent, my dear; a fatherly kiss, that's all." But the Court were skeptical, and all the ladies-in-waiting kept murmuring, "With good intent."

A WAYSIDE FOUNTAIN
CINTRA

And then King John made a bold bluff, and adopted the words as his motto, and painted this ceiling—a polite way of calling the ladies a lot of chattering magpies.

Then there is another sad little room, where the boyish King Sebastian, in his untaught enthusiasm, decided on carrying the war into Africa that he was waging against the Moors. He sailed away with his army, and palace and kingdom knew him no more, for there came a day of bloody disaster, and the young king vanished forever. His body was not among the dead, but he was gone, and whether he lingered in some far-off prison, or had been put to death, his people never knew; no one will ever know.

A sadder room is shown, little more than a cell, where, back in the middle of the sixteen hundreds, a king was imprisoned for twelve long years until he died, while his brother sat on his throne and became the husband of his wife. Back and forth through the years the caged King paced in front of the barred window, till his footsteps wore in the brick floor a pathway still visible.

And perhaps saddest of all the sad memories that gather around this home of

kings, is that of Queen Maria Pia, driven out in her old age from the home of her youth to die broken-hearted in Italy in the summer of 1911.

Back in the closing days of the Fifteenth Century, while Columbus was carrying Spain's flag to the west, Da Gama was tracking unknown oceans to the east, with Portugal's ensign at the mast. King Manuel had staked much on this voyage of the Portuguese navigator in search of the ocean way to India, and, as the months of absence lengthened into years, the King was wont daily to leave the palace in the town and climb to the highest point of Cintra's hill, there to watch the empty sea for the great explorer's sails. Finally he vowed that if Da Gama did return in triumph, he would build on the spot where he had watched so long, a monastery that should fittingly express his gratitude; and when at last the ships showed white against the blue, he kept his word, and part of that monastery is now incorporated in that remarkable building piled upon the crag, and known as the Pena Palace. I have never seen a more romantic spot. On its rocky height it lords it over a vast park. From the entrance the road leads through gar-

dens of beauty, over arched bridges, and by the side of the mysterious "Seven green pools of Cintra," shadowed deep by palms and trees strange to northern eyes. Presently the great walls of the Castle tower over you, a gateway opens in the rock, and across a drawbridge and through a twilight passage you come upon a platform where before you are two of the strangest gateways set in the palace wall—gates that are a mass of twisted carving and queer and intricate odd design. These gates let upon a courtyard with outside stairways and Moorish towers, turrets and arches everywhere.

Here was the favorite home of the late King Carlos, and here, after he was done to death by a bomb, lived his widowed Queen, and Manuel, the boy King. After leaving the palace in Lisbon at dawn on that October day in 1910 that marked the beginning of the Republic, Manuel drove his car to Cintra and, for the last time, up the winding road to the Pena Palace. It was only eight o'clock when he burst into the room where the Queen Mother was at her desk. She was in the act of signing her name to a certificate of bravery accorded a Norwegian captain who had

rescued some shipwrecked Portuguese sailors. She tossed the pen from her as she rose, and where it fell it lay for months. Absolutely nothing in the Palace was changed. The caretakers installed by the Republican government were under strictest orders not to disturb the slightest detail. Dead flowers stood in a dusty vase upon the table; the European magazines lay here and there, and the newspapers of Lisbon and Madrid, as well as the *London Mail* and the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. The signature to the captain's certificate was still unfinished, and the ink dry in the opened well. Over the Queen's bed still hang, signed with loving inscriptions, photographs of the murdered King Carlos, and their two boys, one of whom died with his father. It is a wonderfully homey and unpretentious palace. In the chambers is black walnut, marble-topped furniture; there are no electric lights, and no bathrooms. Manuel's room is very boyish, full of the little valueless belongings of a boy. Photographs, some swords and odd bits of armor, with a picture or two, make up the decoration. Under the bed is a big tin tub for his bath. A fireplace with an easy-chair before it; some books upon a shelf; a tele-

THE MOORISH PALACE
CINTRA

phone near the door, that is all. Throughout the entire palace nearly everything is just as it was on that fatal morning, save that royalty is gone. Only the royal cat or its descendant remains, pathetic sight, curled up on the window-sill in the Queen's chamber, waiting the mistress who will never come.

One of the chief charms of Cintra consists in the innumerable beautiful walks and drives that bring fresh interest to each day spent there. Most popular of these is the drive of a few miles to the gardens of Monserrate, that are said to be unequaled in the world. Nowhere but in the unique climate of Portugal can grow in perfection the plants and trees of the tropics and of the temperate zone as well, so in the century since Beckford ransacked the world to find specimens for these gardens, which he laid out at fabulous cost, the trees and vines, and shrubs and flowers he planted there have developed into wonderful beauty. The property is now owned by the estate of Sir Frederick Cook, who spares no money to keep and increase the splendor of the place. There are palms and bamboos; oaks and evergreens; orchids and roses; vines that are perfect sheets of strange, intense color; uncanny-looking

flowers lifting their blossom of flame or lavender straight from the earth; queer trees with long, pendulous blooms of scarlet; ponds where pink and blue lilies grow; Roman benches whence are views of mountains and the passing ships at sea; and in the midst the beautiful Moorish-like house where Sir Frederick lives.

Another delightful walk takes you in the opposite direction, where there is a little pink town that seems to have strayed out one day from Cintra, and, nestling down contentedly under the mountain, never returned. Tall palms grow there, and glossy-leafed magnolias which even in mid-September were sending out a few huge, cup-like, creamy flowers. Along the street at the mountain's foot, the houses cling to terraces covered with ivy and roses of cream and pink, led up to by the most picturesque steps imaginable. At one point the rock is hollowed out, and here a fountain fills a large basin. Around are broad stone seats, and nearby a tiny public garden, where grow more beautiful begonias than I ever saw before, even in Holland. Double shell-pink blossoms, each as large as a rose, hung in clusters of six or more, literally covering the plant. They were in endless

variety, white, red and white, and deepest crimson. Then there were single ones that glowed with flame, like cadmium, and all the shades of pink and red in rare profusion.

When tired of the land one can seek the sea. Trolley-cars made in Philadelphia run down to the shore, indented here by a little cove not more than five hundred feet wide, at the mouth of which thunders in a most magnificent surf. Solid walls of green water ten feet high stretch at times from shore to shore, and, as they break, the whole little bay becomes a furious welter of foam. Beyond this cove reaches the westernmost land of continental Europe, and along its verge is a glorious walk cooled with the spray dashed from the long-backed waves that break on the rocks below.

But the most splendid thing in Cintra is the Moorish ruin hanging high above the town. The road that swings far round in long, gentle grades is the easiest way by which to reach the summit, but lovelier by far is the path that leads up from the market-place. It leads even within the town, into such quaint corners of toppling houses, and by such charming wayside

fountains, and stone walls, and under ivy-grown trees, and up moss-covered steps cut in the stone. And once it enters the wonderful park it all but loses itself in a tangle of giant rocks and dark forest vistas. It takes its course right through a bit of an ancient mosque, where a great tree now grows from the center to a height far above the roofless walls; and by the side of a rock where the cross is cut above the crescent, and a death's-head over both. At last it leads out upon the overhanging cliff, and through empty chambers to the ramparts that for so many centuries guarded the Moorish town below. The long walk along these battlements seems to me to be the finest in the world. To the right is a sheer drop to the town and the plain a thousand feet below, and beyond the plain, miles and miles of blue Atlantic, where the liners track for home. Back of you is the Tagus, reaching from the sea to where Lisbon lies clear-cut in the bright light, and on beyond to the great dim mountains that mark where Spain begins. On the left, a vast confusion of enormous rocks, and on the greatest of them all, the tremendously effective pile of the Pena castle, and just beyond that, outlined against the sky, a

gigantic statue of Da Gama. Right ahead, zigzagging up and down and in and out, and marked with tower and turret, the walls themselves extend. And if you have the gift of imagination you can hear the swish of the silken robes of the Moors, and reconstruct the splendid pageant that came and went the ways you tread, in that time that once was so very real, so very vital, so full of splendid color, and that now has gone so utterly, leaving no more impress than a dream at dawn, save for gray ruins like these that still stand in Spain and Portugal, monuments to a day that is done.

TOLEDO · SPAIN

Over the desert that is Castile, along an immense landscape done in sepias and swept bare as by some great wind, under a sky bare as the world, with every cloud washed away, you come upon the rock of Toledo. The yellow-gray walls of the fortress city are so blended in the gray-yellow of the rock and the surrounding sands that they seem to have been made by nature, not man, and to have been corroded into the outline of roofs and towers by the action of immeasurable years. The town partakes of the desolation of the desert of which it seems a part, and town and desert are blended into one, and into a part of the far sweep of painted landscape by the hot sun perpetually burning the world to dull browns and tawny yellows.

Along the great height of this central plateau of Spain the winds are ever sweeping, and long streamers of dust mark where over an undistinguishable road some peasant, priest or cavalier is urging forward his donkey toward the city gates. Some-

times a denser column of dust shows where a heavy, gypsy-like wagon is drawn through the sand by a long train of mules in tandem; and sometimes a pack-train of mules, each almost buried from sight beneath his load, toils up from the plain. Save for these signs of life, the treeless waste is empty, and lonely in a vast old age Toledo appears to sit and brood upon her mighty past, her insufficient present, and the problems of her future.

I have never been so fascinated by a town. She does not seem human, but like some wild thing of the desert, crouching on a rock, bereft of her children, too old to attack, but untamed still. She seems to have endured forever; to have been created with the rocks; to know all things, but with a wisdom she cannot express. Nothing I have ever seen seemed so old, so a part of eternal nature. She is the Sphinx of Spain.

Not beautiful like Segovia, nor bright like Seville, she differs from all other cities, and in that difference lies her compelling spell. She is absolutely romantic; her storied yesterdays are yet so palpable, so apparent, that her history, with all its splendid color, becomes very real and very

present. Around her rock the yellow Tagus crawls, and you come to her gates across one of the beautiful bridges of the world. For centuries through its embattled entrances have come and gone races and peoples and civilizations. Only the Twentieth Century has not yet entered in.

First came the Goths, and from that dim and warlike age a bit of the ancient wall still survives; then, in the Eighth Century, sweeping up from the South, came that irresistible tide of Moslem invasion that made of Spain a Mohammedan possession. It is now twelve hundred years since the Caliph of Damascus laid his iron hand upon the land and converted it into an Arabian province. Geographically the westernmost country of Europe, its history, tradition, architecture, and the atmosphere these things create, are of the East, the East of the Arabian Nights, of romance and of beauty.

And the conquest of the Moors was really that of civilization over barbarism, for the scattered tribes of Spain were in no sense a coherent nation, while the victorious Saracen brought a culture, an art, a refinement that was then at its very flower. Only in the far north did the Christian power re-

AN OLD GATEWAY
TOLEDO

main unshaken. " Men of Damascus were assigned to Cordova, Algeciras was settled by people from Palestine, Egyptians were given western Portugal, Syrians were located at Granada, and followers of the Prophet from Arabia and Persia came to live in Toledo." For three hundred years this exotic people and civilization flourished here, and even to this day there are little shops where still is made the exquisite work of inlaid gold on steel known the world over as Toledo ware, an Oriental art that is elsewhere largely lost.

But in 1085 the armies of the Christian kingdom of Castile, under the leadership of the great Alfonso, drove out the crescent from Toledo, and began that four hundred years of warfare which was finally to end with the total expulsion of the Moor from the peninsula.

In 1492 Granada fell, and thus, just at the moment when Spanish valor overthrew this empire of the east, Spanish courage was giving the world an unknown empire in the west. But during all the darkness of the early Middle Ages, when only the monasteries kept alive the light of civilization throughout a barbarous Europe, the Moorish kingdom of Spain stood for the world's

best in art, in literature, in architecture, in agriculture, in poetry, in science, and in those amenities of life that make existence gracious and agreeable.

This northern Spain differs in everything from the Spain of the south, in sternness of architecture, for its cities were built for war; in the racial blood of its people; in its grim, bare landscape, so different from the blossoming land of the south; and in the very language of its inhabitants. The Castilian tongue speaks the purest Spanish, and so different is it from the dialect of Andalusia, that a man from Toledo is not always understood in Seville. In the north, for instance, the word *alcazar,* meaning fortress or stronghold, is pronounced Al-cath′-ar, with a sort of lisp, while in the south it is spoken as Al-caz′-ar.

But northern Spain and southern have one thing very much in common, both alike give the same two conflicting impressions. Her cities, perfect pictures of medievalism that no other country can show in such numbers, speak of age, and all the land seems old, so old. But, on the other hand, her people seem perpetually young. Young because of the dominant emotionalism of their character, for emo-

tionalism, in race or individual, is the certain test of youth. The Spaniard's almost trance-like intensity of worship within his great cathedrals that both express and incite emotion; his love of romance, of contemplation; his contempt for commercialism, all bespeak the Spaniard as highly responsive to that emotional appeal which to the Anglo-Saxon comes less and less effectively with the years. No better proof of this could be found than in the act of a Spanish mob which, after the treaty of Paris, stoned a statue of Columbus as punishment for his having discovered the new world they had lost. This was the act of men who will ever be boys.

In Seville I was notified that the steamer on which my passage was booked from Gibraltar had been withdrawn, and it became necessary for me to engage a room on a ship of another line. The agent was not at his office, but at his Club (it was eleven A.M.). I followed him there and explained my errand. "But I can only issue you a ticket at the office," he said. I told him I was obliged to leave on an early afternoon train, and would he not take my money and wire the Gibraltar office for reservations. "But I don't care to go

back to the office to-day; wait," said he, "wait till to-morrow." Of course I did not wait, and of course he lost his commission on the sale of the ticket. Again it was the act of a boy, who had irretrievably fixed a boy's idea of relative value. So, here in Spain, the most ancient-looking land in Europe, live the youngest, because the most medieval and emotional, race upon the continent.

The most impressive city in Spain is Toledo, and the most wonderful place in Toledo is by the bridge Alcantara. The picturesqueness of its towers is unsurpassed; the view of the river and its wild and somber gorge; the great cliffs on the opposite bank piled high with the city's walls and buildings; the shattered Moorish castle dominating the city from the hill; the strange, foreign procession continually passing and repassing across the bridge, all combine to make one of the strangest, wildest and most fascinating pictures to be found in Europe.

Toledo's story is one great romance of pleasure and horror. Back in the remotest days, after Rome had been driven from the city by the Gothic invaders, legend after legend glitters on the page of history. Just

A BRIDGE OVER THE TAGUS
TOLEDO

as the sunset hour is the most brilliant of the day, so the Gothic kingdom of Toledo reached its most splendid moment just as it fell crashing before the Moslem hosts. Don Roderick, last of the Goths, made memorable his reign by a tournament unequaled in all the gleaming annals of chivalry. From all the known world his guests assembled. "There was the Duke of Orleans with three hundred cavaliers; also four other Dukes of France with each four hundred armed retainers. Then the king of Poland came with a luxurious train; and six hundred gentlemen of Lombardy. Rome sent three governors and fifteen hundred knights. The Emperor of Constantinople and his brother came, as well as a Prince of England with great lords and fifteen hundred cavaliers. From Turkey, Syria and other parts nobles and princes to the number of five thousand came without counting their followers, and Spain alone furnished an influx of fifty thousand cavaliers." Palaces were built for the royal guests, and not a visitor was allowed even to furnish his own arms or horses; ten thousand tents were set up upon the plain, and there lived the citizens of Toledo, their homes turned over to Don

Roderick's guests. Feasting and music and the dances that even then distinguished Spain filled out the huge round of pleasure, while daily went on the jousts between the very flower of the world's chivalry. "And," adds the chronicle, "the slain were all buried at the expense of the State."

But then a little while, and the Moors were at the gates, and the crescent had replaced the cross upon the city walls. Only half-conquered, however, were the people, and, to punish them, the renegade Christian who was governor some fifty years after the conquest, conceived a punishment so dreadful, so mysterious, so deadly and so still, that history can furnish no parallel. A great feast was planned in honor of the Sultan's son, a guest of the Governor, and a thousand of the nobles, the chief merchants and the richest men in Toledo were bidden to the castle on a certain night. Velvet carpets strewn with roses led to the door, Arabian slaves caught the jeweled bridles as the guests alighted from their horses. From the ante-room the visitors were asked to pass out, one by one, through the narrow door that led to the dim gardens where the nightingales sang amid the blos-

soms, and the fountains splashed to the music of the lutes. And back of that door stood a great black mute with gleaming simitar, and, as the nobles of Toledo passed through slowly, one by one, instead of the king's son, they met Death swift and silent and sure. And at dawn a thousand men lay dead, and Toledo had been punished.

Three hundred years of romance, battle, murder and sudden death, and then the mystic figure of the Cid crosses the great bridge, first governor of the reconquering Spanish power. For succeeding centuries great names move down her history, and stories of incredible romance, and figures of gleaming splendor fill the record of her days. The beauty, the color, the gold and purple of it all! Kings and queens and cardinals, and plots and counterplots in one great matchless, thrilling pageant, like some play that lasts for centuries. And the stage setting is still all unchanged. Dim, empty ways that plunge among tall and toppling buildings; buildings with great blank walls pierced only here and there, with small barred windows that frown down on the narrow, twisting streets; tiny squares where sharp shadows show on the sunlight; the black-gowned priest, the

capped peasant sitting sideways far back on the haunch of his donkey, the black-eyed woman with her fan, all is of yesterday, and, truly, when we cross the bridge we go back into the very past, visualized to our Twentieth-Century eyes in all its picturesqueness.

The cathedral is the most famous building in the city, and I had read of it as the most beautiful in Europe. I had pictured it dim and mystical, and had longed for its seven hundred and fifty painted glass windows, famed through the world, those "jewels aglow through the great cathedral's dusk." But it was a distinct disappointment. To me the glass was crude and raw, and the whole building by far too light. Then, too, whitewash has been horribly applied to the whole interior, thereby stripping it of all that wonderful softness and richness of color that can only be gained by time. Besides this, in common with all Spanish cathedrals, the choir occupies the very center of the building, completely preventing that full view from end to end so necessary to an impression of grandeur.

But in detail it is, like St. Mark's at Venice, a museum of beautiful things.

THE BURDEN BEARER
TOLEDO

There is, however, this difference, that while St. Mark's is a museum of all ages, all countries, all arts, the Spanish church is more an epitome of the plastic and graphic arts of Spain. All around are the tombs of kings and cardinals and the men who made the history of Spain, for a time, the history of the world. Among the tombs, all covered with the customary pompous words of eulogy, one stands out startlingly. On a plain slab are these words, "Here lie dust, ashes and nothing," and it covers the grave of a great cardinal, dead these centuries, the inscription being chosen by him when at the point of death. No name, no date, "dust, ashes and nothing."

Very different in its vast elaboration of rich carving is the tomb of Cardinal Mendoza, favorite of Queen Isabella. The great Queen was very near akin in spirit to England's Elizabeth, and when the Cardinal died she announced that he was to be buried near the altar. But the Archbishop said "No." And for many a day Queen and Prelate were at deadlock over the matter. But one night Isabella gathered masons and stone-cutters in vast array, and, taking the Cardinal's body with her, she

went at midnight to the dark cathedral, and, as the flaming torches cast weird half-lights about the sacred spot, she directed the workmen and paused not till a suitable tomb had been excavated, and the Cardinal laid at rest within.

One of the strangest of things in this strange city is the little church, the Christo de la Luz. Apparently the building (it is only some twenty feet square) is entirely Moorish, and, small as it is, is said to be as perfect a bit of Oriental workmanship as can be found anywhere in Spain, and yet, beneath the Moorish tracery can be seen quite a bit of crudely drawn Sixth-Century work of the Christian Goths. There is a legend of this church which, though told by every writer, must be repeated. Before the Moorish conquest, when the tiny church was used for Gothic worship, there hung upon the altar a miraculous image of the Virgin. When it became plain that the city must fall, the attendant priest broke open the wall, and within he placed the image and the lamp that burned before it, and, replacing the stones, departed. Three hundred years and more passed by, and the Cid led the conquering soldiers of the cross along the

street where stood the church. Suddenly his horse refused to move, and, when pricked with the spur, knelt in the dust before the bare wall of the chapel. The Cid immediately ordered the wall to be opened, and there was the image and before it the light still burning.

Strong-willed though Isabella surely was, she did not always have her way. She and Ferdinand determined that they would build as their mausoleum the great church of San Juan de los Reyes. But the Archbishop spoke another no. They could build the church, but buried they must be in the cathedral, the primate church of all the Spains. When that edict of the Church went forth, the work on the building stopped, but it had already neared completion, and here King and Queen would come to hear mass, sitting in a most curious little screened gallery that takes the place of a capital around the top of one of the great pillars that uphold the roof. There is wonderful carved stonework in this church of the kings, carving made possible by the soft character of the Toledo stone, which only hardens after long exposure to the air. On the unfinished-looking façade hang in great festoons hundreds of rusting chains

found on Christian captives in the Moorish cells at Granada. And, by the way, the capture of Granada was so culminating an event in the lives of Ferdinand and Isabella that even the Archbishop of Toledo finally consented that the King and Queen might be buried in the cathedral there instead of in the primate church of Toledo.

It is a poverty-stricken population of some twenty thousand that now lives within the city walls. There is no industry save the making of Toledo blades, and the fashioning of bracelets, pins and buckles in the beautiful work of gold on steel for which the town has so long been famous. Much of this work is done in small shops, but there are two or three factories where the art is carried on upon a larger scale, and here the ordinary workman receives very small pay indeed, while an artist, a man who can originate the wonderful designs and deftly execute them, is paid three or four times as much. The hours are from seven in the morning till noon, and from three to seven in the evening, the three hours' intermission being spent in sleep. Laborers on the street get as high as one peseta, and housemaids seven or eight

pesetas a month. And the price of necessaries is high. How do they live? I do not know, and yet there seems to the casual observer greater happiness, more laughter, more lightheartedness, and less care than among men and women here at home, whose wage scale is infinitely higher.

It is a simple life, a primitive one. At one point where two streets meet, a cross upon the wall marks as curious a shrine as can be found in Europe, a shrine to the Madonna of the Pins. Underneath the cross is a glass box, in the lid a narrow slit is cut, and a padlock holds down the cover. To this shrine resort girls who want husbands. With a prayer they drop in the box a long pin for a tall husband, a short pin for a short husband, a black pin for a rich one, and if a very rich one is desired a little piece of money. Every evening the box is emptied by a priest. The afternoon I saw it I counted twenty-six white pins of all sizes, three black ones, and two copper coins.

No one who has felt the magic of this worn and ancient city, and who has seen the quaint and medieval life that still lingers there, but can indorse the wish of that poet who over its gates wished to

write these words: "In the name of poets and painters; in the name of dreamers and students, civilization is prohibited from laying her destructive and prosaic hand upon a single one of these stones."

RONDA · SPAIN

I WANTED to see Ronda wake; to see the life that stirs at dawn move through the ancient streets; I wanted to watch the color that comes with early day play with the shadows kept from the night under high towers and down narrow alleys.

When I left the hotel a dim moon hung overhead and a star or two was still shining. In the east red streaks lay against a steely sky. In the streets the electric lights were burning, but beyond the yellow zone of their glare a blue twilight was forming. Near the hotel there were singing and loud talking in a drinking-shop, through the open door of which one could look into the cellar-like place, where rows of barrels took the place of bottles. Presently the men left in twos and threes, the keeper clanged the door and put out the light, and the street fell silent.

From an alley a small boy on his way to work hurries across the square, with his luncheon in a basket of native weave. With a clatter of hoofs on the cobblestones a long train of donkeys comes up from the

dusk, their great burdens strapped tightly on their backs. A man who has lain on the pavement by a wall asleep, with his hat over his face, sits up, and then stretches out again for another nap. Now and then a boy on a mule rides into the picture and out again. At a café opposite, the white-aproned waiters are putting out little tables and chairs. If you go over there and sit down and clap your hands, one of them will bring you thick, black coffee and sugar. This clapping of hands to secure service, a custom everywhere prevalent in Spain, must be an inheritance from Moorish times, for the habit is purely Oriental.

It is getting lighter now, and the arc lamps go out. In the zenith the sky is blue, but along the streets the light is still pale and uncertain—only the tops of the yellow buildings take on their color. An old woman comes into the square. She has with her an immense umbrella fully eight feet in diameter. With the help of a small boy this is opened and tilted up upon the pavement. Under it she places a stool for herself and a little stove, where soon a charcoal fire is burning, over which she fries things that look like sausages, but are only some sort of yellow meal stuffed in

A SPANISH GATE
RONDA

skins. Life is moving more briskly now, though it is only half-past four, and workmen in long blouses that reach to the knee stop and breakfast under the old woman's umbrella.

Leading a donkey burdened with a mass of grass-like stuff, a man in rags and tatters comes close to the hotel steps. On the pavement he spreads a rug, unpacks the donkey, and, sitting cross-legged, the man proceeds to weave the coarse grass baskets that will be of all shapes and sizes.

Out from the square a street enticingly opens. Old men armed with great bundles of twigs are sweeping the pavement. Blackhaired maids are scrubbing the steps of the houses. Rugs are being shaken from upper windows. Bareheaded women wearing long, black-fringed shawls hurry along to market, a basket in one hand, a tiny fan in the other. Across the stupendous gorge on the wonderful arches of the most beautiful bridge in the world the highway seeks the older, the Moorish town. Here the color scheme is richer, and the sun, now over the tops of the mountains, brings into sharp outline against the sky of infinite clearness the houses of green, and cream, and blue and white. Through

open doors and along tiled passageways are had glimpses of inner courtyards set about with palms and roses, and cooled by the spray of fountains. Bits of Moorish work are here and there, and beautiful iron grills and strange quaint knockers. This is not the street called straight, and at almost every turn the view is ended by the graceful yellow tower of a church, framed by the houses as in a picture. Leave out the occasional Moorish house fronts, and the street is but a duplicate of those intensely old-world byways of Havana, the most foreign thing in the western hemisphere.

On the way back to the hotel you pass the market-house, a rather bare, pillared building just over the bridge on the old side of the town. Within, it teems with life and color, but the color is not of the people, for a Ronda crowd is a somber-clad one, but of the fruit piled up in enormous heaps upon the floor. Red and green peppers mixed in great piles by the side of big white melons; yellow peaches, purple figs, white and blue grapes, and the beautiful rose and yellow cactus fruit that is sold not only in the markets, but on all the street corners of southern Spain, and that ripens by the

million on the cactus hedges that border the railroads. Exquisite as is its color, a love for its sweet insipid flavor is an acquired taste, as is also a liking for the greenish liquor sold everywhere, and made from the sweetened juice of unripe white grapes. Around the market-place boys are selling newspapers of the day before, and doing a thriving trade in lottery tickets which, I must confess, I had an unholy desire to buy. A few weeks before my visit, a boy of seventeen risked all he had, about a dollar of our money, on these tickets, and lost. It seemed so hopeless to the lad, such a desperate finality of ill-fortune, that the next dawn he climbed to the top of the railing on the Moorish bridge, and plunged headlong to the rocks, six hundred feet below. Life is hard to these Spanish folk, and the folk seem hardened to the life about them. Among them there is an indifference, a selfishness, a certain unconsciousness of human rights and human suffering, that amounts to cruelty. A cruelty that has written itself on page after page of Spanish history, and that actively asserts itself to-day in the ghastly, blood-stained arena where men and bulls take each others' lives to make a holiday for

thousands; a cruelty that passively presents itself in the indifference to the needs, to the very presence of a common humanity.

This hideous national sport of theirs takes the place of baseball here, as the absorbing national topic of interest. The periodical of widest circulation in Spain is wholly devoted to the subject, and the daily press discusses bull-fighting more thoroughly than national or international politics. A dead matador, killed in the arena, was being celebrated throughout Spain at the time of my visit, celebrated in song and story, and by a funeral that was a national event. His picture was everywhere, in the shop windows, in the newspapers, in the magazines.

Here at Ronda is the oldest arena in Spain, a relic of the rule of Rome. Outside it is but a barren, whitewashed wall; within rise tier on tier of solid masonry, nearly all of Roman workmanship, surrounding an open oval space, and having a seating capacity great enough to accommodate half the present population of the town. Great gates lead through a tunnel into the bull pen, and there is also an opening into the stalls where the horses are

THE CATHEDRAL
RONDA

kept. Above these is the room where once the gladiators and now the matadors gather, and opening from this the little room where are stored the saddles of beautiful workmanship, the long javelins with gay ribbons at the hilt that prod the bull to fury, and the short, wicked sword for the *coup de grâce.* I was glad to come out from this room, so sickeningly suggestive, into the bright sunlight of the open arena, where some little children were playing at bull-fight. Not here, but in Madrid and Seville, the boy who played the bull had real horns strapped upon his forehead. Proud youngster!

The only affection I saw evidenced in Spain by anybody for anybody or anything, was the affection everywhere bestowed upon the donkey. These little creatures, often no bigger than a large dog, are made to carry heavy burdens, but in that and every other respect are treated like one of the family. Time and again you will see a group of peasants at luncheon under the shade of a tree, with the donkey, eased for the time of his burden, stretched out amongst them, thoroughly at home. Here at Ronda I passed a large house of the better class, its double

doors thrown open, and within the tiled vestibule children and donkey at play, just as shown in the picture my camera caught.

Toledo in the north and Ronda in the south are the most picturesque towns of Spain. Each crests the summit of a mighty rock, each boasts a bridge, famous as the town, but in spirit the two cities are utterly diverse. Toledo is dying amid a desert, Ronda lives in the midst of the garden of Spain. The strange, sad soul of Toledo is so manifest that the traveler averts his eyes from the profanation of a too great intimacy, but Ronda joyously invites you to share her life, and you as frankly can accept.

Up from the edge of the valley the rock of Ronda lifts a sheer, precipitous front of six hundred feet or more. At the rear of the town it breaks downward to the plain in a fashion less abrupt, so that a winding road can scale its yet steeply sloping sides. Centuries ago an earthquake took this great rocky plateau and shook it till it broke in two, there appearing across it a rent less than three hundred feet wide, but more than that in depth. Through this great fissure a river swirls tumultuously, its mist often climbing above the rocky

walls, and just where the bridge is thrown across it leaps downward still another three hundred feet to the level of the plain. Here, on this strange rock, Rome built a city, and in after years the Moors threw up strong walls that helped to shelter the Moslem power in Spain till it fled finally forth from the Alhambra in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. Surrendered to these joint sovereigns, they built upon the northern half of the rock " the new town " which, with straight streets and low, uniform houses, brings to the traveler a keen sense of disappointment. Here are the shops and the hotels, one of which, facing the little park, or Alameda, is one of the very best in Spain.

After tribute to the beggar at its gates you walk through this quiet little garden and out upon an open, railed space where waits one of the most impressive, one of the most splendid views to be obtained from the walls of any town in Europe. To repeat a comparison made elsewhere, it is not so far-reaching as the vast view from the market-place of San Marino, nor so varied as the scene from the ramparts of Perugia, but for complete impressiveness it excels them both. Miles away are chalk-

white mountains, naked, like those that loom along the Adriatic's eastern shore, and all the miles between are covered with bare yellow fields, shadowed here and there by olive groves. Straight down, six hundred feet and more, the river skirts the cliff after its mad plunge through the cleft and its leap below the bridge. Just across to the left is the mighty rock, where sits the Moorish city in splendid confusion of walls and towers.

As later I wandered hour after hour around this old Moorish town, it seemed to me the most picturesque place I had ever seen. Now that I have passed from under its spell, and the memories of Toledo and Clovelly and Ragusa and Carcassonne come back upon me, I hardly know whether to let that impression stand as an opinion or not. Perhaps it will be more accurate to say that while you are there Ronda seems the most picturesque town in the world—and what more can one ask of any place? The streets drop away so abruptly, giving such charming vistas of clinging towers and buildings; old gateways of such exceeding charm spring so unexpectedly across the way, and through them are offered such bits of nearby towers and

IN A DOORWAY
RONDA

distant landscape, that every moment is a keen delight.

Then there is the cathedral square, where the old Mosque, remodeled, serves as a Christian church, presenting an architecture fascinating in its strangeness. A beautiful square tower with doors that part way up open out upon a little balcony in the fashion of your room at the hotel, and a two-story veranda-like structure at the right of the tower, such is the yellow, plaster-walled, red-roofed cathedral that glows in the square at Ronda. Farther on you pass through another square of great picturesqueness, one side framed by low, adobe buildings of purely Spanish type, along another side a high yellow wall with a fountain in one corner, where women fill their water jars, and cattle come to drink, and, diagonally across, the crumbling gate and ruined court of the Moorish citadel.

Thence you come upon a yellow, dusty road that turns its back upon the slender belfry of an ancient church and, by many a steep incline, seeks the level of the plain. Along this road comes and goes the travel forever passing between the country and the town, boys on donkeys with earthen

wine bottles balanced across the saddle, women with water jars on their heads or carried on their hips, priests and peasants, in long and interesting procession. From the turn in the road by the church you look to the right across the valley to jagged peaks of mountains five thousand feet in height, to the right is the old medieval wall, and in front the city seems to tumble down the rocks, ending in the beautiful arch of a bridge and the low ruins of a castle belted by a row of pointed cypress trees. Close at hand in the valley are four or five threshing-floors, round places where the earth is packed hard, and here the farmers bring their corn, and here the "ox treadeth out the grain" precisely as in Bible days and lands. The view is not only a wide one, but so intensely foreign in every detail that it lives in my memory as one of the typical scenes of Europe.

But back in the old town on the hill there is many another interesting thing to see. There is an old, old house (whose name I have forgotten, and it really doesn't matter) that stands on the edge of the cliff. It is the most Moorish thing in Ronda. In the center is a courtyard open to the sky, with an interesting stairway leading

to the floor above, and in the midst a well, the ice-cold water from which you are privileged to drink, thereby gaining some magic properties which I likewise have forgotten, though I drank deeply, and twice. But the wonder of the house is the overwhelming view from the balcony, hanging directly above the valley six hundred feet below; valley, mountains, olive groves, villages, and rocks blending in one tremendous yellow picture.

Straight beneath the balcony rise two of the most curious rocks imaginable. Perfectly cone-shaped, and apparently about three hundred feet high, they are very singular formations. My guide said he had never been to them, it was too far; no photographs of them were obtainable in the shops, and the proprietor of the hotel had never so much as heard of them. But there they are, like great chimneys, just under that part of Ronda's cliff on which the Moorish house is standing. I intended to find them the next day, but something happened, so now I shall have to go back.

But the wildest, strangest thing in Ronda is the bottom of the great gorge, and the way there. You find the latter through the doorway of a private house.

Narrow steps are cut in a black cellar-like way that plunges down through the rock, comes out upon a cave-like opening halfway down the cliff, and then dizzily finishes the descent by means of iron stairs that hang like a fire-escape above the rushing stream. Twilight reigns at the bottom of this tremendous crevice, only some two hundred feet across, whose giant, precipitous walls seem to almost come together as you look upward three hundred feet to their summits. Around a labyrinth of mighty rocks the river rages, sending up clouds of mist that at times obscure the granite walls. At one place, however, a bit of quiet water appears, and here black-hooded women are doing the family washing under the shadow of the ruined arch of a Roman bridge. If you do not mind getting your feet wet as you slip from the stones, you can follow the stream a considerable distance in this uncanny place, getting strange, shivery pictures at every turn.

Such is Ronda, odd, picturesque and beautiful, a town different from all others, and one whose lure will surely draw me back once my feet are again on Spanish soil.

THE OLD BRIDGE
RONDA

BRVGE S·BELGIVM

I AM not the discoverer of the fact that towns present as distinct a personality as do people, but the fact that they do has impressed me as one of the most interesting things in travel. You meet towns precisely as you meet people, and look forward to the meeting in the same way. Some places, such as most of the provincial towns of France, are utterly commonplace and come to bore one in just the same way as does the prolonged presence of uninteresting people. Some towns are homely, but companionable; some pique the curiosity by a certain intangible, vague sense of mystery; some allure by their beauty; others attract by their strangeness, just as does some person who is singled out from your acquaintances because of a strangeness in his ways or words or lines of thought which interest because they bring to you something new or different.

Thus have I come in many journeys to give the places I visit the human attributes; to visualize them in my memory as personalities, just as with the people I

have met. In meeting a stranger the thought is always uppermost, "Will he prove interesting?" And so one leaves the hotel for the first time in a strange city with keen and lively interest, not for museums and churches, but for finding the soul of the place that he may know what manner of town it is. And this soul, this personality, is not made up wholly of the architecture, nor of the crowds on the street, nor of the beauty or otherwise of the situation, nor of the memory of the things that have happened there, but of all these things which fuse into an intangible yet appreciable something which, for want of a better name, may be called the personality of the place.

This personality is always a subtle thing. Sometimes it is hard to grasp, and sometimes it eludes you altogether, and then, though you know the streets by name, and can follow the byways at night, yet you cannot be said to know the town.

But Bruges is an easy city to get acquainted with. Its personality is not complex, awakening many and different emotions. It expresses itself simply and frankly. It is like a beautiful person who is now old and withdrawn from the activ-

ities of life, though still full of kindly interest in the world about him—a ruddy-faced old man, who wears a ready smile, and is full of wisdom and peace, whose presence is a benediction; for at Bruges you are happy and at rest.

A writer cannot hope to make his readers see the precise things that go to create this Bruges. He can define the personality, but he cannot describe all the elements that enter into it in such a way that he who reads will fully understand the why and wherefore. But admitting the effort is foredoomed to failure, still will I endeavor it, for Old Man Bruges is so lovable that everyone should know him.

First of all, there is the ever-present sense of the historical past. It is a haunting, following memory that is continually with you. There are few towns where a knowledge of the past is so necessary to an apprehension of the soul of the present. You cannot realize why the old man sits in the sun, content, unless you know the great things he did, the great part he played, back in the years of his prime.

Bruges was born on an unknown day, and through all the dread, gray centuries, after the fall of Rome had unloosed anarchy

upon the earth, lay upon the river bank, a few huts huddled round a ruined castle shadowed by a square church tower. Thither, in the middle of the eight hundreds, came that wild, fierce product of those rude times, Baldwin, first Count of Flanders, and thither with him came his wife, Judith, stepmother of England's Alfred the Great, a woman kin to his own wild nature, a fit pair to build a State in those troubled days when iron will and reckless courage and a master mind were prime essentials for the work. Theirs was a definite ambition—to make a nation, and for its capital they converted Bruges into a walled city with four lofty gates.

For years, the fierce Norse pirates continued to sweep the channel seas; for years flame and war and death ravaged the mainland, but through it all Bruges sat in safety within its gates, and grew in wealth and numbers. From all over Europe merchants came, for a river led down to the sea, and Bruges was a central point for trade with England and all the coasts of France.

But while the city thus advanced, there was no corresponding increase in the cohesive spirit of nationality among the

A CITY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY
BRUGES

dwellers in the surrounding provinces, all of which were nominally subject to the Counts of Flanders. These provinces had been settled by Saxons impelled to migration at about the same time, and by the same forces that led our own Saxon ancestors to follow the leadership of Hengist and Horsa in their invasion of England. Back in their forest Saxon home these men had lived a life of great personal liberty. No feudal system bound them to the central authority of a king, as it did in France. The family, or, at most, its tribal outgrowth, was the source of power and object of allegiance, and as in Saxon England, so in Saxon Flanders, the people resented any serious attempt at government by any other authority than they themselves had created. This attitude of the Karls, as the Saxons in Flanders were called, was long respected by the Counts of Bruges. But after two centuries an unwise woman, then Countess, determined to centralize further the power of the State, an attempt that led to civil war, and, in the end, to a confirmation of the freedom of the Karls. But out of this came centuries of trouble and many deeds of blood, and the growth of rival factions that tore the

State even as were rent the cities of Italy during the ages that because of such deeds men call the Dark.

There is no history more intense, more vivid and romantic than the history of Bruges, and the temptation is great to fill this chapter with the wild story of its days, and it is regretfully that there is given instead a bare epitome of results. Class warred with class, the country with the city, one city with another. Rulers were murdered or expelled. Foreign armies thundered at the gates. Time and again the streets were choked with dead, and the canals reddened with human blood. Liberty had its martyrs and tyranny its victims. But all the while the successes of its merchants grew apace; the city's wealth increased; art flourished; commerce carried the name of Bruges throughout the world; and steadily but slowly liberty made headway and wrote itself, though only a sentence at a time, into the charters of Flemish cities, liberty that to this day remains in charters that still are law.

In time Bruges rivaled Venice as the world's chief mart of trade, and there arose an architecture unique, beautiful; churches, public buildings, streets of

gabled dwellings, all colored in soft, dull reds and cream, architecture that yet remains, and that has caused the town to be everywhere known as Bruges the Beautiful.

But how could this material prosperity coincide with the misery-making conditions of war and discord? And now in an apparently secure age Bruges has again looked upon war and violence, yet it is still Bruges, still the old citadel of impregnable charm. The people who inhabit it are still, in some astonishing way, prosperous and happy considering life as a timeless, flowing thing bringing blessing or torture.

But they must have taken life as it came, and made the most of days of grace. Besides, fighting and revolt and liberty and government were, after all, not the concern of the many, but of the few, and undisturbed, except when death found them, the masses lived on in their own little circle of affairs, and loved and hated and gossiped and endured, and blindly helped in building great cathedrals and stately towers, and, because they knew nothing different, I think, little realized how miserable they were.

In Bruges liberty and commercialism

were one and inseparable. The various trades were early organized into Guilds, acquiring certain privileges of local self-government by their charters from the State. The preservation of these chartered rights was essential for the development of their commerce, so that, when threatened by tyranny at home, or by invasion from abroad, these Guilds, commanding the wealth and intelligence of the city, were quick to assert themselves. If cynical, we might say that, after all, it wasn't patriotism, but selfishness, that made them patriotic. But the result was the same—they served liberty, and served the State. In 1302, when the Battle of the Golden Spurs defeated the united attack of half of Europe upon Flemish freedom, it was the bravery of the Guilds of Bruges that decided the issue—Guilds that charged with silken banners flying, crying, "For Flanders and the Lion."

Thus through the years Bruges lived its part well and did great things for liberty, and fought many brave fights, and became prosperous and exceeding beautiful. But late in the fourteen hundreds trouble came. Its route to the sea filled up with sand, its trade lessened, the tribute levied by the

THE BELFRY
BRUGES

conquering Maximilian absorbed its wealth. Then came Alva and his terrible Spaniards, and after that came exhaustion that many mistook for death, for even yet people speak of Bruges the Dead. But Bruges is not dead, but merely old, sitting in the sun in the serene contemplation of a long, full life.

But what is Bruges like to-day? What do you see, and whom do you see?

First of all, when coming up from Brussels or down from Ostend, you look from the railroad train and see two towers far lifted among some lesser ones, then by that token will you know that Bruges is near. These are the beautiful tower of St. Salvator and the famous belfry, sung by Longfellow and lesser poets by the score.

At the moment I do not recall a single street from the station in any city that is not a disappointment, and Bruges furnishes no exception to the rule. But here the commonplace thoroughfare is redeemed by the glory of its end, for it leads straight into the heart of Bruges, into the heart of the past, into the great square, where rises the strange and lovely belfry with the great so-called lantern round the top, over against which stand many ancient houses,

fair examples of the art that made Bruges famous.

The shops that line the way are uninteresting, though most of the windows are filled with the lace for the making of which the town has long been noted, and there is a good deal of the brass and copper ware which is better and cheaper in Belgium and Holland than anywhere else in Europe. The dress of the people is for the most part cosmopolitan, such as you would see anywhere on the continent, or even in America. Occasionally, however, there is a distinctly foreign note. Here and there you pass a woman with a long, black cloak that falls to her feet, and is attached to and forms part of a large, black bonnet projecting over the face, somewhat in the manner of the cloaks worn by the barefooted native women of the Azores. Black-robed priests with black shovel hats hurry back and forth. Peasant women in short, full black skirts, with close-fitting white caps on their heads, follow carts drawn by two or three large dogs in harness. Little boys in suits of rusty black play at leapfrog, and other boys sedately come from school dressed in black, short, tight trousers and half-hose, a short black coat,

a broad Eton collar, and a derby hat. Among the well-to-do, boys dress thus till eighteen or nineteen years of age, a custom common to much of Europe.

These Belgians are fond of black; nowhere else have I seen such a profusion of crape. Frequently one will meet a woman decked in intensest mourning, her heavy crape veil falling entirely to her feet, not only in front, but in the back as well, so that she is completely swathed in it. A Belgian crowd is a somber one, but the exquisite color of Bruges, the soft creams and reds of the bricks that are exclusively used in the buildings, the green of the trees, and the opal shimmer of the water in the canals form a relieving background.

Away from the bustle of the main streets peacefulness is the dominant note. You sense this the moment you come out on the great square. True, a tramway runs along the side, and from the fronts of cafés, tables and chairs spread out upon the pavement, and in one corner is a very dreadful moving picture show, where a maddening bell clamors hideously during the early evening, but in spite of all this, the presence of the towering belfry fills the place like a benediction, and the ancient

buildings standing there convey to my mind in some mysterious way the fantastic notion that they are alive, and they seem so solemn and so beautiful that the square falls silent—you do not hear the tram, and the wicked bell, nor the children at their play.

If you would see Bruges, do not drive. Bruges is an entity, it grows upon you slowly, you must take it deliberately. First of all, take a boat and make the round of its waterways, watch the spires reflected in the willow-swept surface; note the play of color as the steeply gabled fronts of Sixteenth-Century houses are mirrored back; see how the graceful bows of the low bridges arch above you. With ever recurring view of picturesquely grouped tower and gable and bridge you will glide by tree-shaded banks and come finally to the Beguinage, a wonderful park-like place, filled with great trees and of infinite stillness and charm. Here come and go sweet-faced sisters, and here artists are always working.

These Beguinages are, I believe, peculiar to Belgium and Holland, at least they are far more numerous in these countries than elsewhere. George Wharton Edwards, in

his book, *Some Old Flemish Towns,* thus refers to them with special reference to the noted one at Bruges:

"These communities consist of spinsters or often widows, who take none or few of the oaths binding them to the church, and, save for their own conscience, may return at any time to their homes. They are said to pay a stated sum of money into the funds of the order upon entering, and after a period of probation along with the novices, they are assigned to the small houses within the walls, where each Beguine occupies private apartments with her own grated door in the wall, whereon her church name is emblazoned, for she takes a new name upon entering the order. Their days are spent in making lace, educating poor children and caring for the sick and needy. The order is under the care of a Mother Superior appointed by the Bishop. The oldest Beguinage is in Bruges, founded in the Thirteenth Century. Here, on a lovely sheet of water, mirroring the gables and the soft, velvety greenness of the trees, is one of the most delightful spots in the country."

From a little lake dominated by a tower

that has stood at guard six hundred years or more, the waterway flows beside the ancient ramparts of the city, where smooth walks lead under great trees, and flowers color the sod, and so you will go on and on into new beauties, ever glad you are at Bruges.

There are few more fascinating spots in any city than the quiet, tree-shaded square of the Place Bourg, with the bells chiming from the nearby belfry tower, and the afternoon light falling upon the quaint and gorgeously gilded front of the Law Courts with its arched opening, "a northern Bridge of Sighs," someone has called it, whence leads a narrow passage to the street beyond. Adjoining this is the irregular façade of the town hall, set about with ancient statues, and at right angles is the curious little chapel of the Sacred Blood, the lower story of which is near a thousand years old. The place is very still for the heart of a city, and seldom are buildings so old, so historic and so beautiful found in so choice a setting, where one can sit at ease and watch them.

Every street that radiates from this charmed spot is lined with stepped gable houses, centuries old, all of soft-hued brick,

but the walk of greatest fascination will lead you under the "Bridge of Sighs," and over a canal where swans glide, and into another square where stands the pillared fish-market, and where, across the water, the irregular pile of the Law Courts makes a picture that artists love to paint.

Then you go along the ever-charming Quai Vert by water crossed by the frequent arch of bridges, and where, at every corner, an artist and his easel stand, on to the right and down the poorer, but none the less picturesque, quarters where the lace-makers sit at work in the street, their shuttles flying back and forth with incredible rapidity.

This making of lace is the one great industry of Bruges, and gives thousands of women employment, not in factories, but in their homes. The wages paid are absurdly small, but the houses they support are far neater than are maintained in the poorer quarters of an American city. Flowers and curtains are at the windows, and women and children look happier and more satisfied than do so many of our own manual workers. They gather in groups and laugh and gossip at their work. There is always more laughter and more appar-

ent happiness in all Europe, save Portugal, than in America, and, frankly, I sometimes wonder, when contrasting the contented-looking Bavarian countrymen with some of the sharp-featured farmers of our plains, or the smiling Italian loafer with our sullen longshoreman, or these lace-makers of Bruges with some of our caresmitten factory girls — I wonder wherein the emigrant finds the gain.

There are few cities whose churches and galleries are so rich in beautiful and unusual works of art, and while I believe that in most towns the streets and squares form the truest and most interesting gallery and museum, yet the traveler will lose much if he fails to find some of these wonderful painted pictures that hang on the walls of Bruges.

This is particularly true of the unique work of Memling, an artist that to a layman's eye possesses such subtlety of color and of form, and such extraordinary deftness of execution as to characterize him as definitely as does the work of Rembrandt or Murillo proclaim those artists. In the Hospital of St. John these pictures of his are gathered. Most remarkable of all is *The Shrine of St. Ursula.* Of such amaz-

A LACEMAKER AT WORK
BRUGES

ing fineness, of such delicate and miniature-like texture are the paintings that cover its sides, that even a magnifying-glass, always used in its examination, fails to reveal the brush strokes. The painting itself must have been done by the help of a glass, as a tear upon the cheek of one of the figures is almost invisible until magnified, when it assumes a perfect globular form. I am not deciding whether this is art, but I do know that it is interesting, and that it is beautiful in a way that is all its own.

Of all the romances, and there are many, that fill the pages of the history of Bruges, the story of Baldwin of Constantinople is the most dramatic. At the close of the eleven hundreds, Baldwin, last of the race of the city's founders, ruled in Flanders. After ruling well, judged by the standards of those wild old days, he took the cross, with many of his knights, and set forth upon the crusade that, with the dawn of the Thirteenth Century, sent the armed hosts of Europe to capture Jerusalem from the Infidel. The story of that crusade is a romance of itself. The mighty walls of Zara, a Christian city on the Adriatic's shore, were leveled by this Christian host at bequest of the Doge of Venice, and then

sweeping to the south the vast fleet of the crusaders besieged Constantinople, and Constantinople fell, and Baldwin became the Emperor of the East. For a year he wore the purple, and from the throne of Constantine ruled with the pomp and splendor of an Oriental fairy tale. Then came revolt and battle, and silently, mysteriously the Emperor disappeared from the sight and knowledge of the world. One moment he was seen fighting like a lion before the walls of Adrianople, the next instant he was gone. He was not among the slain; he had vanished. And back in Bruges his daughter, Jeanne, reigned in his stead. The years went on, and the people hated Jeanne, and wandering minstrels sang songs of the ruler of Bruges who for a year had been an Emperor of strange peoples and of distant lands. Twenty years had come and gone, and then a rumor spread out among the peasants and came to be whispered in the market-place, and discussed even in the circles of the Court. In a cave, deep in the forest, was dwelling an ancient man, a hermit, but there were those who had looked upon the face of Baldwin on that far day when, in the great cathedral of Bruges, he took the vow of the

crusader, and who had glimpsed this unknown hermit, and they said—— And secretly, in twos and threes, others rode out to see, and the story grew and would not down, and one day they brought the hermit forth, and all Flanders rose to him even as one man, and the cities threw wide their gates, and he entered Bruges, clad again in his imperial purple, with the crown of empire on his head, and the people wept for joy. But his daughter denied him, and fled to France. Then Baldwin told his tale. He had been wounded in the battle and taken prisoner. A barbarian maiden nursed him back to life and loved the man she saved. Fertile in resource, she planned escape together, and they fled. But the Emperor refused to keep his vow to marry her. It would be wicked to marry a pagan woman; so he killed her, and struggled on to reach his home. Again captured, he was sold into slavery, and for years endured just punishment for his sin —an Emperor harnessed to a plow with an ox for a fellow. But finally he again escaped, and, as is usually the case, conscience strengthened as the body failed, so he sought a cave and a hermit's life. However, *vox populi vox Dei,* and if the people

really insisted, why—and Baldwin reigned again in Bruges as Count of Flanders.

Now the King of France was crafty, and having espoused the cause of Baldwin's daughter, he sent safe escort to "my great and good friend, Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople and Count of Flanders," and an invitation to visit the French court. This invitation the Count accepted, and with a gleaming retinue of knights, and clad all in purple and gold, came to the King of France, who met him with great ceremony and a lying tongue. But Baldwin was a wise old man, and even that night he let himself down from his window and fled in the darkness, and paused not by night or day till the Flemish frontier was crossed. Then the King of France sent his people through the Flemish towns, and this man they bought, and this one they deceived, and presently treason was rife, and the old man's courage failed and he fled before the coming of his daughter's soldiers, but she caught him and she "hanged him in chains on a gibbet at Lille between two hounds."

But was it her father Jeanne hanged, or did he die before the walls of Adrianople, and was the hermit of the cave an arrant

impostor? Those who could answer this question have been dead seven hundred years.

Now, if you like this story, there is written many another true romance of Bruges; there is the tale of the Battle of the Golden Spurs, and the Story of Charles the Terrible, and of the Last Mass of Charles the Good, and of How Proud Bertulph was Crucified in the Market-Place, and of How the Vial of Precious Blood was Lost and Found Again, and The Love Story of Bourchard d'Avesnes, and when you have read these and many more, Bruges will seem no mere town of brick and stone, but as are long days of tales told by the Old Man who sits now in the sun and talks of the things that he saw in his youth, and tries to forget the all too recent tread of alien and invading hosts passing under his majestic belfry.

MIDDELBVRG-HOLLAND

Taken as a whole, I enjoy Holland the least of any country in Europe. For one thing, I have found it always colder than I like, for eighty-five degrees in the shade spells comfort for me, and when there in June and again in July of different years, I have shivered in cold pale sunshine, avoiding the blue shadows where the mercury crouched in the sixties. Again, the crude, raw color so continually and often so inappropriately applied by the Dutch is a perpetual offense. It is irritating to see a bright-blue tree trunk surrounded by the ever present red geranium, which must be the national flower of Holland, if there be one. After two days one prays that he may be delivered from the sight of red geraniums forever and forever.

And again, Holland is the only country where the people are, in places, distinctly rude. In no other land in Europe have I seen a dozen boys and young women follow an American girl with hoots and jeers, and this happened in Holland because her hat did not conform to their own peculiar

fashion of head-dress. Of course, this assertive lack of manners is not to be found in Amsterdam or The Hague, but then, who wants to go to Amsterdam or The Hague if in search of the real, the picturesque Holland! And most emphatically and most fortunately the criticism cannot be applied to Middelburg, most charming of towns in all the land of dikes. It is generally a difficult thing to select the one town of a country that is the most interesting, the most characteristic, the most picturesque. But this difficulty does not confront one in dealing with Holland. Middelburg is so preëminently the ideal city that there is no room for hesitation. Mrs. Waller, in her bright, gossipy book, *Through the Gates of the Netherlands,* says of Middelburg: "There is an indescribable charm about this island city. It lays hold upon you in numberless ways, until you say, and with truth, 'there is none such,' and give to it your entire Dutch allegiance and your true American affection." And Lucas, the English writer, places Middelburg first among the cities of Holland for power to charm the visitor. It is a place that is different, and it is not on the beaten track, and as inducements to go

there, what can be more compelling than these?

Middelburg is the capital of Zeeland, the southwesternmost province of Holland, and lies only four miles from Flushing in the same green level country and by the same ribbon-like canals characteristic of the Netherlands. Overhead is the same cold color in the pale sky, and the same drive of white cloud, that typify the Dutch skies everywhere. The town is belted by a broad waterway that completely encircles it, and that served in the fighting-days of old, as a moat to the star-pointed walls whose place is now filled with park-like walks shaded with great trees. Across the still, dark water the gabled houses of soft pinks and creams present a picture full of a quiet and pleasant beauty. From out the red roofs and the green masses of the trees rise two great towers, that of the Town Hall, a hundred and eighty feet high, and the spire of the Nieuwe Kirk, a hundred feet higher.

Before exploring the city itself it is like tasting a new book by opening its pages here and there, to walk around the town on the shaded paths by the encircling canal, resting now and then on the benches under

THE APPROACH TO THE TOWN
MIDDELBURG

the trees. It is there will best come to you the perception of Middelburg's alluring beauty, and the difference of that beauty from that of other towns. You cannot hurry, for the sense of an abiding calm grows upon you, and you linger to look at the swans sail under a rustic bridge and across the reflection of a long-armed windmill. You watch the quaintly-clad people come and go, and presently you will fall to thinking of the history of the town that waits across the moat.

Under the shadow of the great tower of the Nieuwe Kirk lies the Abbey, where, four hundred years ago, gathered the Knights of the Golden Fleece in a gleaming pageant more splendid than Holland ever saw before. The Abbey itself was founded in the eleven hundreds, and though injured by fire, still is a place of serene old age. Almost as old is the municipality itself, chartered in the year 1253, the document still carefully kept in the town-house archives. Where we now sit and look across the velvet shadows of the moat, back in the days of the bloody struggle with Spain, camped a besieging army of the Dutch. For the Spanish held the town a long time, and endured the hor-

rors of siege and famine and death just as bravely as the Dutch endured in other towns when compassed by the troops of Alva. But that was long ago, and since those evil days the history of Middelburg has been the commonplace of peace and prosperity and the content that comes with both, for a more contented-looking people than the twenty thousand Zeelanders who live here now cannot be found in Europe.

Before you cross the bridge and enter on the town, you are sure to find, if you are a good explorer, a most delightful road that entices you along the way to Veere. It is paved and shaded, and here come and go the queer, boat-like wagons of the neighboring farmers, wagons with high, bright blue wheels, and green box-like bodies, and white, rounded, canvas tops, from under which peer faces quaintly framed. The strong brown-faced farmer with bobbed hair and gold earrings, and a queer little round cap, the wife with stiff white cap and gold ornaments a-dangle down her forehead, and the youngsters just like father or mother, as the case may be.

It was on this road that I saw a round-faced maid in wooden shoes bring forth a

kettle of boiling water and, dropping on her knees, proceed to scrub the middle of the paved street. And as for the sidewalks in the town itself, they are kept in such a state of immaculate cleanliness that to walk upon them is not to be thought of, each property owner extending an iron fence from his side line straight across the walk, so that the passerby takes, perforce, to the middle of the road.

But how wonderfully charming, none the less, are these Middelburg streets! There is such softness of color in the old brick fronts; such quaintness of outline in the high, steep gables; such surprising effect in the tight board shutters painted in hourglass designs in red and black, and black and white, and green and yellow, and many another combination. And it is all so old. Judging from the dates, everything seems to have been built in the Sixteenth Century. Some of the houses have checkerboard fronts, where colored bricks are made into intricate design. The old mint has a very interesting façade, and bears the inscriptions, "Serving Gold is Wrong" and "Money is the Sinews of War." This trick of placing significant mottoes on their buildings is typically

Dutch, and many private residences are adorned with legends such as "This is my pleasure and my life," "The place for song," and the like. For public buildings and old town gates, the Scriptures are so freely drawn on that one writer remarks that, should the Bible be otherwise lost to man, it could be replaced almost intact from the inscriptions on Dutch walls.

As you go along these quaint ways, you come unexpectedly upon beautiful bits of park and quiet squares, and finally into the Market-Place itself, all one side of which is filled by the Town Hall. I have seen famous town-houses in every country of Europe, but never have I seen one that appeared to me as beautiful as this Town Hall of Middelburg. After an absence of two years I went to Holland just to look upon it again, and my first impression was confirmed, and I am ready to proclaim it as among the most noteworthy buildings in Europe. It is an irregular, Gothic pile, its front a lacework of stone set about with statues, and a three-story roof from which look out twenty-four fascinating little dormer windows with red and white shutters. Back of this high slope of roof rises the beautiful tower dom-

THE TOWN HALL
MIDDELBURG

inating the city. When in this market square of Middelburg, I always feel as if in a theater where the curtain had just rung up and I was watching the stage expectantly for the appearance of the players. This is when the square is empty, as it often is. But when, on market days, long lines of booths form little streets down the center, each booth presided over by some figure out of an opera, and other figures, fully dressed for the stage, go hurrying back and forth in the shadow of that strange Town Hall, then I listen for the first note of the orchestra and the opening line of the chorus. The outlines of the Town Hall are too picturesque to be real, they are such as a scene painter would have produced as a background for these oddly garbed figures clattering by in their wooden shoes. Little streets of respectable red brick houses open into the perspective so exactly as they do into the flies, and here and there quaint gable fronts come into view with the same irrelevancy and unexpectedness as sometimes they do upon the painted scenery, that it is hard to realize that it is real life being played out before you. And not only the costumes, but the people them-

selves, seem wholly make-believe. Take that milkmaid with her tight-fitting white cap and little corkscrews of gold bobbing by her ears, a low-necked black waist that fits like a jersey, the short tight sleeves ending above the elbow, her immensely full black skirt, her wooden shoes, and, adjusted to her shoulders, that bright-blue wooden yoke with shining brass pails balancing on either side; watch her quick, business-like walk; nobody ever saw such a milkmaid bustle in and out again in that fashion except upon the stage. And that boy of twelve, with thick bobbed hair and gold earrings and little round black cap, and short, tight jacket, and enormously full long trousers, who stands just at the right spot smoking a huge cigar—he was certainly placed by the stage manager, and you wonder what he looks like in private life. And the dear, demure little maids from school, who come up the painted streets and take their appointed places. And that strikingly made-up fisherman. This is what you see in the Market Square at Middelburg.

And along the unreal streets the costumes are found as well. Of course, the quaint Dutch dress is worn less and less

by the people of the town, but, none the less, in Middelburg and the province of which it is the capital, it still prevails more generally than anywhere else in the country, save in the Island of Maarken. The bicycle is everywhere, and in combination with these costumes is sometimes startling. For instance, I saw an old lady calmly pedaling along in full Dutch dress, save that on top of her little white cap was perched a widow's bonnet from which there streamed out behind a long black crape veil; and a tall fat man in tight little roundabout, and pantaloons of enormous dimensions, with bobbed hair and a silk hat, will ever abide as a pleasant memory.

Middelburg is round like a wheel, with the market-place for the hub, and if you are forgetful of this fact, you are liable to go around and around and never get anywhere, in the circling streets. As you keep on, however, you pass by hundreds of old Dutch houses, some modern shops, and here and there a church whose outside looks inviting. But never go into a church in Holland if you would escape disappointment, for, no matter how splendid the exterior, the interior is inevitably spoiled by being drenched in whitewash, the painful

effect being further intensified by great windows of plain glass, making the interior light and cold and barren.

I suppose Puritanism was good for the world, and an essential element in making straight the road for the development of modern thought and modern life, but it has much to answer for, after all, in robbing life of joy and religion of beauty. It was an excess just as savage as the things that went before, illustrative of the truth that has been eternal, that every great movement is never an unmixed blessing nor an unmixed sin. There is much to justify a faith that expressed itself in solemn and stately ritual, and made the road to heaven that opened through its great cathedrals a beautiful one to tread. And there is much that has to be forgiven in a creed that asserted itself in whitewash and a dull, drab life.

Speaking of churches, I never saw a continental town that so proclaimed its Sunday up to six P.M. All day there is a pervading atmosphere of serious quiet. All the shops are closed and shutters and curtains drawn aggravatingly over the interesting windows. Everyone goes to church, and after service apparently sits at home,

YOUTHFUL HOUSEWIFERY
MIDDELBURG

as the streets are all but deserted. But with twilight everything changes, and the Square fills to the edge with a rather noisy, ever-changing and ever-picturesque crowd. Tall policemen with long swords in their belts march solemnly back and forth, and handsome young sailor boys from the training-ship rival trig soldiers in red and blue for the attentions of the little Dutch maidens. The bronzed-faced fisher folk are back again, and some of the older men gravely bid the stranger good-evening as they pass. There are strapping boys of eighteen in close-fitting knickerbockers like boys of ten, and boys of ten in the long trousers and silver-buttoned jackets of their fathers. Here is a different group—a half-dozen young chaps from town, dressed in clothes that are strictly up-to-date, and carrying dainty canes, and who look out of place laughing with that white-capped girl with the wooden shoes. A neighboring village, Veere possibly, sends in some half-grown lads who wear curious, derby-like hats with a very flat crown, and straight, narrow brims, that look odd enough perched on bushy hair.

Passing back and forth through the crowd are many men and women dressed

as London and New York are dressing, save that their clothes do not fit. Around the outskirts of the throng circle the bicycles, every third one ridden by a white-capped, full-skirted Gretchen. All the men and most of the boys are smoking, but the women refrain. There is much laughter and not a little horseplay. A boy of thirteen or so steps up to a girl and whispers something in her ear, and gets a sound smack for his pains, amid shouts of laughter from a crowd of older boys who put him up to it. Suddenly a song is started, and a group begins marching as they sing, others join until a hundred men and women are tramping to the melody up and down the Square. One or two Englishmen are looking on, but I am the only American, for Americans come but seldom to this most fascinating and most Dutch of towns. Over all are the ever recurrent chimes, first a hymn, then a strain from a light opera, but always sweet and always beautiful. The clock in the Town Hall strikes ten, and, at the first stroke, out on the balcony below the dial come wooden knights mounted and armed, their spears striking fiercely on each other's shield at every stroke of the bell. It is full moon,

and after a time its light falls fair on the glorious carving of the wonderful old hall and makes it more wonderful than before; it floods the market-place and the queer figures moving there. By and by the square grows quieter; the people pass and do not come again, and soon the great space is empty save for the moonlight. The stage is silent again, but to-night I have seen the play.

RAGVSA-JVGO SLAVIA

Ragusa, that "western outpost in the eastern world," is so unlike a city of Europe, it has so little of Central Europe in its atmosphere, its history, or its population, that it seems a mistake to include it as one of the picture towns of Europe; and particularly a blunder to assign it to the recently formed Jugo Slavian nation. Yet it is in Europe, in what was once Austria, and it is assuredly a picture town.

Its intense and striking individuality, which is, perhaps, its most characteristic note, makes it difficult to associate the town with any country, and least of all with Austria, to the cities of which it bears not the slightest resemblance. The only land to which it seems at all akin is Italy. And this characteristic of an independent individuality, tempered only by an Italian suggestion, is the eminently natural result of its geographical position and also of its history.

Ragusa is a city of Dalmatia, and Dalmatia is a narrow strip of territory extending north and south for several hun-

FROM THE HILLS ABOVE
RAGUSA

dred miles between the mountains and the eastern shore of the Adriatic, forty miles in width at the widest part, narrowing to a mile at Cattaro, its southern extremity. Dalmatia is something more, it is "the yesterday of Europe," the edge of the East. From a time as remote as the beginning of recorded history the traffic of the old world passed up and down its coasts along the highway of the Adriatic. Before there was a Rome, purple sails were spread upon this sea, and when Rome came, her galleys found its waters an easy road to conquest. The Crusaders passed this way, and here Venice and Genoa battled for supremacy. Kingdoms and republics here rose and fell, and finally history moved away and worked out the world's story to the west, leaving these people to their own little strifes that were not felt beyond their borders, and to perpetuate in this by-place of the world the customs and costumes, the manners and the life of a medieval time. And here today, alone among the accessible spots of Europe, life has all the vivid picturesqueness of the past, and immersed in the strangeness of the land, the traveler can forget his own life and its interests in be-

ing a part of scenes that elsewhere are but a tradition and a memory.

There never was, however, a Dalmatian State, or a Dalmatian nation. The Romans applied the name arbitrarily to the provinces they created along the Adriatic's eastern shore, but they were provinces peopled by tribes of differing racial stock, often warring with one another, and at no point held together by anything even approximating national unity. Along the coast were Italian cities, but cities whose influence did not go back into the interior. After the dissolution of the Roman Empire the invading Huns occupied this interior to the practical exclusion of the Italian settlers, so that the name "Dalmatia" came finally to be applied almost exclusively to these cities of the coast, where alone the Italian element was preserved. All through the Middle Ages these towns were under tribute to various dominant sovereignties, though underneath this tributary relation they always preserved their Latin, or rather Italian, customs, language and independence in local affairs. These Dalmatian cities were, however, no more held together by any political union than were the peoples

of the interior, but each acted in all things independently of the other, so there never was, politically, a Dalmatia.

But, none the less, each city was an outpost of civilization, a seat of Latin life and Latin culture—back of them lay the tribes of Bosnia and Herzegovina. And what was true then, remains practically true now. The people of these Balkan States remain, not wholly uncivilized, but less civilized than the people of the cities by the sea. "These Latin cities were like islands in a Slavonic ocean; to this day Latin and Slav have remained separate and distinct in language, character and ideals." And therein is found their special charm, the charm of the place where East meets West and where passes all the pageant of the primitive life of a semi-Orient, rich in character and color.

Thus it happens that most of these Dalmatian towns, while differing in architecture and situation, yet are marked by a great similarity in the life and the color of life of the people. But this is not true of Ragusa; her life is a thing of its own, unique now as it has always been. And as I said before, this is because of her situation and her history. Long after Zara,

Pola and other Roman cities had become flourishing settlements along the Adriatic, the site of Ragusa was but a forest and a rock. A Roman Emperor had built, but a short sail to the north, where Spalato now stands, the greatest palace in the world; Rome itself had reached the zenith of her career, had paused, and was now trembling before the onslaught of barbarians, and still there was no city where Ragusa sits to-day.

Now three miles from Spalato was Salona, fairest of Rome's Dalmatian towns. In 619 it fell before the Avars, fiercest of the Huns, and to-day it is but a strange and solemn ruin, "the Dalmatian Pompeii." Some of its inhabitants fled to the nearby palace of the Emperor Diocletian, and built themselves a city within its walls (but that is another story), and some escaped to what was then a rocky island to the south, and on this rock founded Ragusa. Thirty-seven years later another incursion of the Avars destroyed another Roman city, and its refugees joined their countrymen in the island village. Thus augmented, the little settlement bestirred itself, a wall was built around the rocky shore, a fortress constructed to guard the

WITHOUT THE WALLS
RAGUSA

narrow channel that separated them from the wooded mainland, and the history of Ragusa was begun.

Founded thus, and at a time when Rome was dying, Latin influence came to Ragusa second-hand, so that from the start she was naturally more responsive to those other influences that were to differentiate her from other Dalmatian towns. Most important of these events was when, in 743, she admitted to her protection a large number of the Slavic tribes who fled thither from the tyranny of their king. An old chronicle now published by the South Slavonic Academy says of this event: "They came with a great multitude of cattle of all sorts, and to them was assigned the mountain of St. Serge as a pasture, for it was so covered with trees that one could not see the sky, and so much timber was there that they made beams for their houses." Thus early was established Ragusa's reputation for hospitality, a reputation ever afterward maintained, being evidenced afresh as late as 1876, when the Christians of Herzegovina fled from the Turkish soldiers in their last wild orgy of cruelty which led to Austria's assumption of control. This Slavic settle-

ment had, of course, of itself a great influence upon the character of Ragusa, and tended to make it much more cosmopolitan than that of the other coast towns which remained, as they were founded, almost exclusively Italian. Indeed, Ragusa was the only one of these cities where the two languages were commonly spoken, and the laws adjusted to harmonize with the customs of both races. This cosmopolitan characteristic was further emphasized by the location of the town. Save Cattaro, it was nearer to Greece than any other Dalmatian city; it was close to Montenegro, and it was the seaport terminus of the natural line of travel along the Narenta River that led up into Bosnia and the remoter interior. As a consequence of all these influences, while Zara and Spalato yet retain an atmosphere almost purely Italian, Ragusa remains, as during all the centuries of its existence, a city that differs in its life from all other cities, and a place where can be found on a market day a greater and more brilliant variety of costumes than are gathered together anywhere else in Europe. In lesser degree all these Dalmatian towns present a wonderfully fascinating display of form and color

in the dress of the peasants, so that a visit to Dalmatia rather spoils one for the rest of Europe, which seems somewhat tame and commonplace after these splendid cities of the Adriatic. But in none of these is found that bewildering variety that characterizes Ragusa.

One of the first compromises between the original Latin settlers of Ragusa and the Slavs whom they had admitted to citizenship was in the matter of a patron saint. A patron saint was a town's badge of respectability, indeed, a strict necessity, as in those troublous times he took the place of a wakeman on the walls, and was supposed to guard the city from enemies without and within. St. Bacco, with the very laying of the walls, had been installed as official saint, and had served in that capacity to the entire satisfaction of the inhabitants. But these new people, these Slavs, had brought along their own saint, St. Serge, and this had led to complications which were happily adjusted when a third saint stepped in and saved the town at a time when both the other saints appeared to be off guard. It happened thus: There were pirates in those days, whose galleys lay behind many an island, and whose

refuge was many a city of those island shores. Emboldened by long immunity, they actually laid tribute on Venice, and finally carried open warfare into the sacred waters of her lagoons. Now Venice had a theory, and probably a pretty accurate one, that Ragusa, inspired by jealousy, was back of these bold piratical raids, and one dark night her avenging fleet silently anchored off Ragusa's walls. What happened is told in the language of a priest whose account is still preserved: "I was in the church of St. Stephen about midnight at prayer, when methinks I saw the whole fane filled with armed men. And in the midst I saw an old man with a long, white beard holding a staff in his hand. Having called me aside, he told me that he was St. Baggio, and had been sent by Heaven to defend the city. He told me further that the Venetians had come up to the walls to scale them, using the masts of their ships as ladders, but that he, with a company of heavenly soldiers, had driven back the enemy."

Of course, this put an end to the influence of both St. Bacco and St. Serge, and ever after St. Baggio reigned in their stead.

As time went on, the control of the city's

government passed beyond the walls, and brought much adjacent territory within its jurisdiction, so that she became a power upon the Adriatic second only to Venice. Allied with many States, her fleets fought in many wars. Noted for their clever diplomacy, her rulers, by a threat here, a promise there, and ever a tribute to the most powerful neighbor of the moment, kept invasion from the gates and maintained throughout the ages a local self-government that was virtually freedom. It is true that there were centuries of Venetian supremacy when the chief magistrate was a Venetian nominee, and it is also true that there were many years of Hungarian over-lordship, but at no time was there serious interference with the city's internal affairs, and finally, in 1526, Ragusa shook off all semblance of control, and became in fact a wholly independent power.

In 1806, foreign troops, for the first time in the long history of the Republic, entered uninvited, and the Republic fell.

To-day Ragusa is one of the most beautiful and romantic cities in Europe. It is unfortunate that almost invariably she is approached from the north. All steamers

land at Gravosa, a little harbor a mile or so away, and Ragusa is not in sight from southbound ships until after Gravosa is passed. But coming up the Adriatic, a view is had of the city that is unforgettable. The Dalmatian mountains are a gray that is almost white, their hollows filled with lavender shadows, and their gaunt and naked forms tinged with blue in the misty lights of morning. Against this pale-toned background a headland projects into the intense purple blue of the sea, and on this cliff stands a white-walled city, bastions, towers and turrets in irregular outline, an unchanged picture from medieval times. In his exhaustive work on Dalmatia, Mr. T. G. Jackson says of this view: "Ragusa has preserved completely the character of a medieval city. From whatever side you regard her, she appears surrounded by a chain of frowning towers, and girt by mighty walls, while toward the sea she presents nothing but a line of walls and towers crowning the verge of an inaccessible precipice. . . . Scarcely among all the entrancing shores of the Mediterranean and its dependent seas can be found scenes to surpass that which presents itself as one issues from

the Porto Plocce and follows the coast southward."

From the landing-place at Gravosa, where black-hulled steamers are being unloaded by dark men in red fezzes and jackets, and white trousers, an electric tram takes you along a road that, if you are like the majority of travelers, is different from any you have traveled before. There are great trees covered with a strange bloom like a dandelion gone to seed, only pink; there are enormous aloes with stalks as big around as a man's leg and twenty feet high springing out of the center and tufted at the top with greenish-yellow bloom; there are oleanders growing wild, and there are views of mountains, and olive groves, and the wonderful blue of the Adriatic glowing like some brilliant enamel. The hotel at Ragusa, standing apart in its tropical garden, is one of the most delightful in Europe, and there for a very small price one can get delicious table d'hôte meals of many courses, and a room which should satisfy the most exacting. From the one I occupied a door opened upon a little stone balcony, and here I sat at evening and looked out on the climbing lines of walls. Over them clung masses of vines,

by them grew palm and cypress, beyond them the Adriatic darkened in the evening light, and above them lifted the mountain peaks, colored like clouds at twilight. Around are the brown roofs and the towering campaniles of the south. Palmettos reach almost to the balcony where I am sitting; immense trees of oleander sheeted with pink, white and red bloom fill the air with faint fragrance; pomegranate flowers flame amid the ripening fruit, and figs hang purple and green in the garden below, where the nightingale will soon be singing. Across the bay is the island where Richard the Lion Hearted was saved from shipwreck on his return from the Crusades, and on the other side the harbor is Lacroma and the home of Maximilian, from whence he sailed to seek Empire and find death in Mexico. Everywhere is beauty and romance accentuated by surroundings of strange medieval picturesqueness.

The hotel is outside the walls, but a few steps take you to the gate from under which the road plunges steeply down between double walls and dominating towers, to an inner gate that lets upon the broad main street. This street was once the arm

of the sea that separated the rock where were the beginnings of Ragusa from the wooded mainland. On the left of this street the mountain springs abruptly, and here the side streets are but flights of steps. Here are the shops for which the town is noted, filled with strange wares of the semi-East, beautiful native embroideries, silken shawls rich with gold work, heavy buckles of silver filigree set with oddly colored stones, jeweled swords and huge carven pistols, saddles of beautiful leather, girdles fringed with beads, exquisite bags covered with threads of silver and set with turquoise, a most foreign and bewildering display. This street of shops leads on to the Rector's Palace, in other words, the Government House, and thence it turns to the right into the public square ended by the cathedral, from the steps of which may be seen a remarkably fine picture of medieval environment against a background of great mountains.

In the streets that burrow around the houses in this oldest part of the city there are seen many houses with "I.H.S." carved over the doors. These letters date from 1520 and 1521. On May 12th of the former year, and for twenty months there-

after, there were almost continuous shocks of earthquake in Ragusa, and these letters were " placed over the doorways as a sort of a passover supplication to the angel of the Lord." Earthquakes have been terrible and frequent in Ragusa, the most dreadful occurring in 1667, when more than five thousand people were killed, and the greater part of the city laid in ruins. It is said that on an average of every twenty years there are shocks so violent as to be attended with loss of life, while lesser ones are of almost annual occurrence.

My first day was Sunday, and more vivid than the display in the shop windows, more colorful than the glittering wares there exhibited, was the mass of peasant men and women filling the long street and the great square with an ever-changing gorgeousness of form and color. After all, it is the native costumes and native life that give to Dalmatia its greatest wonder, and set the land apart as the most fascinating country in Europe. Elsewhere is beautiful scenery, mighty mountains, blue water and picturesque and storied walls, but nowhere else do all these things combine to form a setting for a life so strange, so

brilliant and so unknown. These costumes are not worn by the dominant Italian element of the towns, but are the garb of the people from the great outside. Every little village around Ragusa's walls has its own distinctive local dress, differing in color, in cut, in combination, and on that Sunday a thousand villagers thronged the streets, each differing from the other in glory. It is hard to describe them, but there were combinations of every color, heavy gold neck chains, silver-embroidered scarfs, jeweled bands across the forehead, massive belt buckles, long veils a blaze of yellow, and others that flamed with red. There were Greeks in short white tunics, Mohammedans from Sarajevo in flowing robes and heavy turbans, who stroked their beards in greeting as they passed; dashing officers in splendid uniforms; white-clad sailor boys from the warship at Gravosa, and all the morning long this strange and beautiful procession came and went through the war-scarred gates, and along the wonderful medieval square.

At noon the shops closed, and the people moved out to the cliffs above the sea. Just outside the gate and in a little park-like space, canvas walls had been run up, and

here, later in the afternoon, a troupe of traveling acrobats gave a performance. A little band played odd music, and some of the people went to the show, some sat in the shade and talked, and in one corner a lot of men in white baggy trousers and jackets of red or blue, bright with silver buttons, stretched out and slept, each one pillowing his head on some convenient portion of his neighbor's anatomy. With twilight the scene changed, the peasants and the color vanished, and in their places a long line of conventionally clad Italians and natives took the air—and with their coming Ragusa lost full half its charm.

It is, of course, but natural that these peasant people should keep, in harmony with their quaint and ancient costumes, the customs and traditions that, during the centuries, have become a part of their way of living. As a consequence we are permitted here in Dalmatia, and particularly in and around Ragusa, to look in upon a purely medieval life, and actually to see for ourselves what that medieval life was like. We can observe its mental attitude, obtain a comprehension of its point of view, and behold the various influences that worked upon and shaped it. Re-

ligion, as with most primitive peoples, remains a very intimate part of their daily lives, but it is a religion tinged with the lingering memory of old faiths and pagan culture, pagan rites being grafted on Christian observance in a manner deeply interesting because illustrative of the manner of evolution of a new creed. When Dryads lived in the fountains, and harvest fields had a special guardian deity, it was always necessary to propitiate the god by suitable services, and to-day the old custom has become a Christian rite. For the three days before Ascension Day large crosses are carried in procession, headed by the village priest, around the surrounding country, and wherever a spring is found the priest recites a prayer and blesses it, and the fields, too, are blessed, and a prayer offered for their fruitfulness.

In the old Slavic religion the Sun was deified, and on the day corresponding to our Christmas was supposed to be born again after a long sleep or death. The father of the Sun God was the Thunder God, and to him the oak was sacred. Now see how the Dalmatian descendants of these Slavic ancestors have incorporated in their Christian observances the faith of their

fathers. I take the account from Hamilton Jackson's *The Shores of the Adriatic,* the best general work on Dalmatia that is published in America.

"Their greatest festival is Christmas. On the Eve they work hard, and before sunrise house and yard are decked with bay or olive branches, or some other evergreen which they think protects from lightning. A great log of oak is placed on the fire, and the head of the family bares his head and says, 'Blessed be thou, O log; God preserve thee!' and sprinkles wine upon it crosswise. Then corn is thrown over it, and he invokes every blessing from heaven for the health and success of all members of the family, present or absent, to which the others reply, 'Amen,' and say, 'Welcome to the evening of the log.'" Just see how the Christian Amen and the symbol of the Thunder God are blended and incorporated in this Dalmatian faith!

All these peasants are extremely fond of public festivals, many of which partake of the nature of the old miracle plays, many commemorate historic events and many are but reminiscences of pagan rites. In common with the people of the Tyrol, and of Brittany in France, and of parts of

Cornwall in England, they light huge bonfires on midsummer night's eve, and dance round the blaze with many an incantation. They are a superstitious folk, and they fully believe in ghosts, witchcraft and in the haunting presence in forest and on mountain of gnomes and spirits, legitimate descendants of the pagan gods. Really there is no country in Europe so rich in folklore and ancient customs as Dalmatia, those described being but the merest hint of the variety to be found there.

The peasant women seem healthy and happy, in spite of the fact that they are regarded as in all respects inferior and subordinate to the men. In the marketplace at Ragusa I was watching a group of magnificent Montenegrins, men and women, talking most animatedly. When they separated, each woman took the hand of the man nearest her, and, gracefully stooping, kissed it. On inquiry I learned that this custom was universal as an acknowledgment of man's superiority.

A study of the involved and exceedingly interesting form of government of Ragusa is beyond the scope of this chapter, but some of that government's accomplish-

ments and characteristics are of interest, anticipating, as they did, many things which we have erroneously come to regard as the product of our modern civilization.

The value of commercial treaties was quickly recognized, and very early in the Middle Ages Ragusa had negotiated these trading agreements with Constantinople, Egypt, Bulgaria, most of the Italian cities, Spain, France and England. In many of these treaties was introduced the element of reciprocity by which certain taxes levied in foreign ports on merchandise from abroad were remitted on Ragusan goods, in return for similar concessions on the part of the Republic.

Germany has only recently adopted city planning, and America is still mostly oblivious to its advantages, yet centuries ago, after a great fire had destroyed much of the town, the Ragusan authorities caused the city to be rebuilt in accordance with a carefully prepared plan. Under our advanced civilization slavery was an existing institution within the memory of living men, but slavery was abolished in Ragusa in 1417 as "base, wicked and abominable." In 1435 free schools were established, and a few years earlier a

THE MARKET-PLACE
RAGUSA

foundling hospital had been founded, where little waifs were provided for. Early in the Fifteenth Century an intelligent system of quarantine was enacted, and during the plague, cremation was insisted upon. And, most remarkable of all, before the middle of the Thirteenth Century, there was international arbitration, and an international court of arbitration agreed upon for the settlement of disputes to which Ragusa was a party.

All laws of the Republic were codified in 1272, and in his valuable work, *The Republic of Ragusa,* Villari says that "parts of this code, especially those relating to land tenure and certain forms of contract, are still valid at Ragusa."

In the beauty of public buildings, of fountains and squares, no American city of anything like its size can approach this old-time city by the Adriatic, and in the days of her prosperity her ships were seen in infinitely more harbors than those into which American merchantmen carry our flag to-day.

There is yet much to tell that must perforce remain unwritten: of the quaint little harbor where fishing-boats idle in the hot sun; of the great sweep of the mighty

walls, and the pictures made by their towers and the mountains and the pointed cypress trees and the Adriatic on beyond; of the exceeding charm of the old, still monasteries, where soft-voiced priests live just as of yore amid the palms and oranges; of the wonderful things of gold and ivory and precious stones to be seen in the treasury of the cathedral; of the islands to be visited, the drives to be had.

But why don't you go yourself? This magic city of a magic land is so easy to reach. Only a night's smooth sail from Venice to Trieste, and thence a journey of but twenty-four hours on splendid, triple-screw turbine liners, and there you are at dinner on that lovely balcony overhanging the garden where the figs and pomegranates grow, and the oleanders scent the air, and the nightingales sing in the perfumed dusk.

SALZBVRG·AVSTRIA

Aside from Venice, there are only two large cities in Europe that hold for me any charm—London and Naples. Of the smaller towns, those which, while no longer villages, have yet not reached the point where charm is merged in bigness, there are, perhaps, a score that are still delightful, and of these Salzburg stands preëminent. But even so, it is too much of a city, in places too cosmopolitan, and it was only after a struggle that I yielded to the town's undeniable fascination and recognized that, in spite of its size, it is, after all, one of the picture towns of Europe. This fascination lies partly in the wonderful beauty of its situation, strongly suggestive of Innsbrück, but more particularly in its very foreign and very Italian atmosphere. The suggestion of Italy, strong though it is, rather eludes definition. It is found, perhaps, in the many fountains, the strictly Renaissance churches, the occasional frescoes on outer walls, in the narrow, crooked streets of the old town, and in the mysterious way these

streets have of vanishing through archways under buildings that are thrown boldly across them. Most of all, it depends on the bright, sunny light, and the good-natured crowds which you see in the streets.

The merely foreign effect is easy to locate and describe. It is in the carriages with a single shaft in the middle and the horse at one side, with the outside trace of rope; it is in the queer ox-carts, guided often by peasant girls; in the women crossing-sweepers, carrying twig brooms; in the bareheaded, brown-coated friars, barefooted save for sandals; in the long pipes the men smoke, hanging far down on their vests; in the frequent shrines on the street corners, with sad-faced Christs and burning lamps before them; in the many Tyrolean costumes of the men and boys, green the prevailing color, with the little peaked hat and jaunty feather, knee-breeches of leather, and half-hose, the short little coat and waistcoat bright with silver buttons. The school children, too, are different; some of the boys trudge along bareheaded, with a long black apron reaching from neck to knee, others wear the colorful dress of the Tyrol, but all have

THE HEART OF THE CITY
SALZBURG

knapsacks for luncheon or school-books strapped over their shoulders.

Salzburg lies in a rather narrow valley, stretched along both sides of a river. The view down this valley is a glorious one, ending in the dim and ragged profile of a snow-streaked mountain. On the right rises a naked peak of singular savageness of outline, while from it there sweeps a vast circle of other mountains. In the center of the picture and of the town rises a lofty rock with sheer, precipitous sides, capped with the picturesque and irregular pile of a great castle.

The old part of the city lies on the side of the river across from the station and the newer section, and is huddled under the cliff of the Mönchsberg that rises straight above the labyrinth of streets to a height of two hundred feet and more. There is something curiously aggressive in the appearance of this long wall of rock that seems to be seeking to push the houses at its base into the river, and something equally curious in the way you reach the top, by spidery, Eiffel-like iron towers within which elevators run. Under its shadow the little streets turn "every-which-way," as if seeking to escape, and in

their narrow ways the congested traffic often comes to a deadlock, a confused and vociferous mass of struggling horses, excited drivers, impassive ox-teams and shouting peasants. One street finally gets away and, dodging through a tunnel beneath the cliff, comes out on views of green fields and gray mountains and little villages upon the other side. Many of the drinking-shops in this quarter have a character quite their own. Cavernous openings in the high, blank walls lead through dim passages into wine-rooms that have stone floors and vaulted ceilings. In no other town have I noticed this trick of burrowing into far places, where the roystering citizens may make merry, undisturbed and undisturbing.

Close under the rock, and by a Renaissance church that looks as if transported from Italy, is the market-place, crowded on Thursdays with the country people, who, under their white umbrellas, have all sorts of things for sale; flowers in heaps of vivid color, cherries, peas, onions, bits of home-made lace, fish from the river, all a mass of picturesque confusion. Some of the women have head-dresses of big bows of black ribbon, not unlike those worn by the

girls of Alsace-Lorraine; some are very old, some very young, but all are laughing and chatting, and none but has a pleasant word for the passerby. The same courteous, charming manners that so distinguish the Bavarian people of all classes, just across the Austrian border, are noticeable here, and differentiate sharply these people of Salzburg from their less agreeable countrymen further to the east.

None of the churches in Salzburg is very impressive; no Renaissance church ever can be for me, not even St. Peter's at Rome, but the church in this Austrian city that is best worth while is in the striking square of St. Peter's, and is the namesake of the great Italian edifice. The interior is stately, but cold, the only color being found in the gorgeous altar, and in the many paintings forming panels in the ceiling. But it is too light, too white, to carry any emotional appeal, and yet it is the best of the Salzburg churches. There is, however, altogether too much to see in and around the city to spend much time on churches, so much to see, in fact, that I shall not attempt even to catalogue the points of interest—your guide book will tell you of them, and they are all worth a visit.

And, perhaps, most interesting of all is the man in the street. One Sunday afternoon I was sitting on a bench on the shady side of the road watching the crowd, when by-and-by down the length of the highway came a strange procession. First a crucifer, his white cotta belted tightly around him, holding aloft the cross and Christ, then, in full and gorgeous vestments, a priest who, as he walked, read aloud from a book, then several hundred bareheaded men, and then, perhaps, a thousand women and children, and all of them —men, women and children—were reciting something in a weird monotone, not in unison, but each independent of the other. It was not a song, nor was it a chant; it might have been a creed or a prayer, but it was endless, and as, with the passing of the people, the great sound came fainter and fainter, the effect was curious in the extreme.

One of the most singular and interesting places in the city is the Capuchin monastery that stands upon a densely wooded hill directly over against the castle. You enter the domain from one of the main streets through an archway under a four-story building that is built directly over

the way. Thence hundreds of steps wind up the mountain side, with shrines at short distances containing life-size figures that tell the story of the crucifixion. Presently you come to an ancient, frowning gateway through which the way still leads upward, until it culminates in the final act of the passion. On a grassy knoll, approached by wide steps, stands a temple-like structure, open on all sides, the roof supported by time-worn columns of stone, beneath which three tall crosses stand, the center one upholding a greater than life-size figure of the Crucified, upon the other two the thieves. At the foot are kneeling the women and that Apostle Jesus loved. I know nothing of the art involved, but whether crude or whether really good, these figures make their story very vital. While I looked, two boys came by and knelt in a reverence that was real, and after a time went their way, the better, I am sure, for that brief prayer.

But the monastery lies still beyond and still upward. At a gate, strong enough to have answered for defense in the troublous days that sometimes came to Salzburg in the olden time, a pull at a long rope hanging from the wall sets a bell to jangling

and brings a brown-clad brother to admit you to the dense and beautiful forest that lies within. Under the great trees paths lead in every direction, and some go higher to the very top, and some go down to quiet hollows, one to the monastery itself, and others to open spaces from which are seen the most beautiful views in Salzburg. From these places the mountains seem very near, with the mists continually forming and reforming about them in a wonderful way, rolling along their deep ravines, closing upon their peaks, and melting again to nothing. Between the mountains and the monastery hill the river runs, and Salzburg lies dominated by the castle on its rock.

More charming, however, than the view, are the forest paths. I know no other city where the magic of the woods is brought so close, for as you loiter on, with only the squirrels and the birds for company, from far below you can hear through the leafy barriers the clang of trolley cars, and the dull, steady roar of the city's life. I had wandered far into the green depths of the woods where there was final silence from the noise, when suddenly, and with startling clearness, came the sound of an organ

and the chant of a choir; the monks were at prayer. It was very impressive, listening to the sweet sound of that hidden service alone in the woods at Salzburg.

Not only is the town full of interest in itself, but there are few places in any country from which so many fascinating excursions can so easily be made. There are mountains to be scaled in a few hours by funicular railway, and others involving real climbing, requiring guides and several days to achieve. There are beautiful castles in lonely places, on little islands in green lakes, on lofty crags, or amidst the verdure of flower-painted pastures. There are historic châteaux surrounded by rare gardens, where fountains play from unexpected corners. And there are walks and drives through romantic mountain scenery, or along still waters and through tree-set villages.

But most wonderful of all is the trip to the Königsee, perhaps the very strangest and most impressive lake in Europe, and certainly the most beautiful body of water in either Germany or Austria. Even the way thither is an experience one will never forget. The little train follows the valley that leads toward the snow-streaked

mountain which becomes tremendously imposing in its massiveness as you come nearer. Almost at the valley entrance we pass one great peak that steps out into the plain in splendid aloofness from the range behind. Clouds lie along its sheer sides, but the summit shows out vividly against the blue. Through little villages, eminently Swiss in character, with stones weighting the roofs of the houses, and crossing and recrossing the foamy river, the railroad steadily climbs, and soon, though mid-July, the snow is close at hand upon the mountain sides. I can recall no journey more replete with savage grandeur than this road among the mountains from Salzburg, and nowhere in Switzerland or the Tyrol is a more exquisite village than the clean little town of Berchtesgaden, where you change cars, and where, if you are wise, you will stay for a day on your return to Salzburg. Overhanging the place is a snow-girdled peak strongly suggestive of the Matterhorn, and from every foot of the attractive streets are views of exceeding loveliness. Close by the station is a tiny chapel, the smallest I have ever seen, with just four seats, and an altar that completely fills one whole side. At almost

THE CASTLE ABOVE THE CITY
SALZBURG

every corner of the town are shrines where someone is always kneeling, and which add not a little to the charm of this gem village among the peaks.

The Königsee itself is a curious, narrow lake of bottlegreen water. At one side of the little landing-place strange, flat-bottomed boats, each with a crew of a man and a woman in native costume, wait for passengers, and at a pier a short distance away a rival motor-boat bids for traffic. The round trip in the boat with the rowers takes five hours. Around this marvelous lake the mountains leap perpendicularly from the water, many of them rising a mile into the air. Patches of snow lie white against their gray sides, and fleecy clouds occasionally band their stern flanks. It is a lake of incredible loneliness. There is no room for any house along these cliffs, lifting so abruptly from the water's edge; no man can ever scale their tremendous sides; no beach can fringe the rocks that plunge directly down far into the transparent depths; no roads can ever descend to these shores save at the head and the foot of the lake. Only at one or two places do the mountains give back even for a few feet, and at one of these clusters the little

hamlet of St. Bartholomew, where the voyagers stop for luncheon on their return.

The middle-aged man and woman who constituted my crew chatted like lovers for the entire voyage, and I would have given much to know what these isolated peasants found to talk of so pleasantly, and so long. They were dressed in Tyrolean costume, and took turns at the heavy oar, only occasionally rowing together. When about half-way down the lake the man produced a pistol of astonishing antiquity, and, pouring into it some powder, set it off, awakening the most marvelous series of echoes I have ever heard.

But the real wonder waits at the end of the voyage. As you land, an amphitheater opens in the mountains and a path leads towards it. Going forward, the giant walls narrow upon you; straight ahead might be the end of the world. Over a mile high, and perpendicularly above you, tower the naked rocks, and then suddenly you come upon a painted lake, the Obersee, lying rippleless at their base. So extraordinary and so vivid is the color that I believe it to be without parallel. The shelving shore is copper-green, visible far out

from the beach, and blending on this color and wonderfully intensified are the browns, yellows and purples that, in long streaks, stain the cliffs. The marvelous picture is completed by a ribbon of a waterfall that tumbles from a shelf a thousand feet up the mountain side. Nowhere have I ever experienced such a sense of remoteness. There is nothing but the overwhelming mountains and the strange, still lake.

The history of Salzburg is written in the grim walls of its castle. Rome, of course, was here, and after the barbarian invasion had left the city a heaped-up pile of ruins, a desolation settled down upon it that remained undisturbed for a century. Then, when order and religion came creeping back, the Church acquired the ruined town and gradually made of it, under the rule of bishop princes, the dominant power of the eastern Alps, a power that steadily grew until, after a long siege of its almost impregnable citadel, the Emperor Barbarossa captured and destroyed the town in 1167. But time brought back the ecclesiastical rule, and with years of peace, alternating with savage and sometimes successful rebellion, the city remained in the hands of its priestly rulers until Napoleon came,

when, on March 11th, 1803, the then archbishop resigned his temporal power, and Salzburg became part of the Empire. After the passing of Napoleon the city became eventually incorporated into the empire of Austria, as it still remains, though yet preserving a local government and parliament of its own. These soldier monks maintained a great magnificence in the castle on the hill, a splendor that is still easy to realize when in the sumptuous rooms of state.

An inclined railway carries the traveler up from the town and leaves him upon a platform backed by the lofty ramparts of the fortress, and fronting a magnificent view that embraces the city, the wooded hill of the Capuchin monastery and to the left the far, misty plains of Bavaria. The Germans and Austrians have a most reprehensible passion for inserting a restaurant into the most sublime of landscapes, so here, at eleven o'clock in the morning, crowds are seated on the platform eating sausages and onions and things, and blowing froth from schooners of beer, all of which effectually prevents one getting in very great harmony with the romantic past, or the beautiful landscape.

ON THE KÖNIGSEE
SALZBURG

You are taken into the courtyard through a long, vaulted entrance, and thence by narrow and twilit corridors, where all sorts of things might have happened, and up dark stairs that circle steeply within the thickness of the walls, to the state apartments, splendid with their ceilings of red and blue and gold, but otherwise empty and deserted. In the great hall the roof is upheld by four spiral columns of red granite, and the hinges to the various doors are wonderful examples of iron work, spreading their delicate and elaborate scrolls clear across the panel. In what must have been a bedroom the ceiling has the effect of being upheld by numerous wooden pillars along the walls, at the top of each a little shrine with a carved or painted figure of the Virgin or the Christ.

Down below are the dungeons and torture chambers found in every medieval castle, and their grimness and the splendor of the rooms above, and the thick walls and massive towers, bring out from the past a perfect picture of a feudal fortress, and help to visualize vividly the fierce and yet luxurious life that long ago was lived there.

GRUYÈRES, SWITZERLAND

We have come to regard Switzerland as an entertainment, and not as a nation, and its inhabitants as an entertainment committee instead of a people. True, no place on earth is so traveled by tourists, or so thoroughly organized in their interests. No other country takes its visitors so seriously or finds in their presence its chief source of revenue. And yet I have always felt that, hidden away somewhere, was a Switzerland, not of the tourist, but a Switzerland of the Swiss, where the people lived a life of daily, personal events into which the traveler did not enter. And in the summer of 1911 I found the place. Think of it! A town in Switzerland with neither carriage nor omnibus at the railway station, without a guide, without a hotel that is anything more than a pension; a town where the American is still a curiosity, and where the people live in their own olden way, doing the daily tasks of existence as they have done them for centuries; a town where old customs and old traditions are still an abiding force, and

the ways of the outsider are still unknown and his influence unfelt. And such is the town of Gruyères.

By years of contact with the people of every nation, the Swiss have become the most cosmopolitan race in Europe, and it is only here and there in a few isolated villages that can now be found a life that is different, and surroundings that are in harmony with the primitive needs of that life and of the country's past. But Gruyères is a town of and for the people, of the peasants. There are a few Germans and some French who go there, and English people go over from Interlaken for the day, but few Americans ever find it, and the town makes no attempt to attract or entertain the traveler. It is merely the home of a few hundred Switzers, and that is all.

The village gives its name to the valley, famous everywhere for its cheese, and this valley lies in the canton of Fribourg, and about a third of the way between Montreux on Lake Geneva and Interlaken.

The scenery is not typical of the tourist's Switzerland; no glacier lays its cold hand upon the valley to check the growth of the great trees that shade the hurrying

brooks; no snow-shrouded peaks are visible. The winds are mild, the skies and the sun are bright, the pastures are vivid with lush green grass, and the far reaches of the valley are set about with farmhouses and red-roofed villages. Stately mountains frame the picture on every side, some near and some only suggested through the blue spaces of the air, but their forms are all broken into picturesque irregularity, and the peaks of some tower far above the tree line, shafts of naked granite. Over the mountains, and through scenery that is charming, rather than awe-inspiring, runs an electric railroad that, by Gruyères and Bulle, connects Montreux with Fribourg; while a branch to the east passes through a wilder land to the lake of Thun. It is only in the last three or four years that these electric lines have been put in operation, and while a handsome diner runs on several of the trains, and a frequent service is maintained, the route and the districts traversed yet remain an undiscovered Switzerland to the vast majority of visitors. In an article on Gruyères published abroad in 1906 the author wonders why " this earthly Paradise " has failed to attract more attention, and Tissot

THE MAIN STREET AND MARKET-PLACE
GRUYÈRES

speaks of this "picturesque little feudal town forgotten by progress," and calls its fortress "the most beautiful old castle in Switzerland."

You leave the train at a little station in the green fields where there is not even the remotest sign of a town. One or two boys are lounging on the platform, and as the train departs they vanish. Not a person is visible, nor a house—you are alone in the quiet of the mountains. A white road, however, clearly leads somewhere, and you recall that half a mile back there was a brief view from the car window of a rare old town on a hill, and so, with the thrill of joy of a real explorer, you set off alone along the winding way. At last a turn brings the old walled village into view, strung along on the edge of a narrow ridge of rock and splendidly backgrounded by two great mountain peaks. The first view suggests a smaller Rothenburg, an impression that is emphasized on closer approach by the gates, and by the construction of the walls, the gallery along the latter being almost identical with that found in the German city. Here, however, the walls have been allowed to crumble away at many points, and at no place can you

walk upon them. The road climbs the hill and, through a gate once fortified, enters upon the one broad, short street, more market-place than street, where centers the life of the village. Here a fountain splashes water into a great stone basin where women are washing the family linen, and crowding closely but irregularly about are ancient buildings, with far projecting eaves, upon the fronts of many appearing dates centuries old.

As at Rothenburg, many of the windows are piled deep with flowers, and vines clamber over the doorways. At one end, where the street parts to right and left and one way seeks the castle and the other the lovely valley beyond the wall, stands a shrine, a life-sized Christ raised high upon the cross with a statue of Mary and of John on either hand. Beyond this lifts an irregular pile of red roofs, and at the right opens a vista closed by the castle tower. At one side of the square is a long stone, curiously hollowed into a number of bowl-like depressions. This is the standard measure for corn and grain. The seller fills the bowl corresponding in size to the amount required by his customer, who draws the plug from the sloping, fun-

nel-like opening at the bottom, and the grain slides into his bag below.

In the doorways girls are embroidering, the fine linen drawn tightly over a circular frame, and as they work, they laugh and gossip. Boys come in from the forest and add the fagots on their backs to the great heaps of winter fuel piled high by the side of every house. The famous cattle are missing. As the snows begin to melt in the springtime the cattle are driven to pasture. At first this is close to the village, but as the ice recedes farther and farther up the mountainside, the cattle follow after, and now, for it is August, they are up on the great heights.

A rambling old building bearing the date of 1653 answers for the inn. The ceilings are wonderfully low, and the floors creak at every step. There are dark halls and little steps that lead down or up into unexpected places. In the dining-room is a queer-looking clock built into the wall and flush with it, so that the face stares out at you most curiously. I was the only man at luncheon. Around the long table were ten ancient dames, some frankly so, some protesting by their odd blond hair. By each plate was a thick little embroidered square,

like the old-fashioned "holders" your grandmother used to make, and this, I afterward discovered, was where you were to put your bread, which was bestowed in chunks. In front of the oldest guest of all was a huge round loaf, which presently she seized upon and divided into as many parts as there were people at table. During this ceremony we all remained standing. After the bread was distributed, most of the women took a knife and scraped out their portion, discarding the hard, brown crust. The first course was a great platter of heaped-up mashed potatoes and sausages. After this the plates were removed, but we kept our knives and forks, and green stuff followed that looked like spinach, but wasn't. Then came fruit and something that looked like pie. And when I paid my bill the waitress refused a tip!

I think that in the old times the town had but two entrances, the principal one leading into the market-place from the road that comes up from the station, and the one that, to the right of the shrine, goes down by the church and thence along a forest path to the valley on the other side the ridge. At present, however, there is

OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS
GRUYÈRES

a third way out to the world, at the end of the market-place opposite the shrine an opening having been in recent years cut through the old defenses. The road by the church and the forest path leads into one of the most exquisite bits of valley I have ever seen. Great mountains form the background, not snow-capped and somber, but irregular, picturesque peaks, some wooded to the very top, and others great obelisks of naked rock. Down through the midst a little river flows. Houses from picture-books; patches of dense forest; far white churches; everywhere silence, and sunshine and air that is good to breathe.

At ease under the shade of a tree, watching the picturesque line of wall, and the castle that shows its towers through the trees, walls and castle that so distinctly bring yesterday into to-day, one's mind turns instinctively to speculation as to what that yesterday was like. What happened here "In days of old when knights were bold, and barons held their sway"?

The history of Switzerland is difficult to comprehend. Forgotten men move through its pages, and war's alarms sound continually along the years. A labyrinth of detail overlays and obscures the events

of real importance, and to estimate correctly the relative value of the thousand battles, the conflicts of ambitions and the feuds of States, is possible only to the trained historian. When the great empire of Charlemagne broke into its component parts early in the eight hundreds, Gruyères became a separate State, ruled independently by its Count, whose successors maintained their court in the castle in the village for centuries. The little kingdom warred at times with its brother States, with Berne and Fribourg, and again its soldiers fought side by side with men from many cantons against a common enemy. Out from the years tradition brings the memory of brave deeds, of counts gallant and others weak and spendthrift, of names and acts, of battles and sieges that are elsewhere long forgotten.

No one seems to know when the castle was built, but there is a tradition of it that harks back to the first crusade. For days, away off in that far time, the little town and the province of which it was the capital, had felt the wild contagion of the religious fervor that Peter the Hermit had kindled. William I, then ruler of Gruyères, yielding to the common impulse

of the hour, called all his knights and vassals to meet upon a day within the great hall and courtyard of the castle, there to discuss the duty of Christian knights and gentlemen toward the warfare Christendom was declaring against the infidel. Now, the women viewed with disapproval the proposal that husband and sweetheart should leave them for the distant battlefields of Palestine; so they conspired together, (and, incidentally, kept the secret) and when all the knights and all the men-at-arms, the horsemen and the bowmen were within the castle, the women shut the gates and barred them fast from without. Then these early suffragettes sent an ambassador, who laid down the law to the prisoned warriors that they would be kept within the castle until such time as they pledged knightly word to refrain forever from joining the present or any future crusade. But the ungallant men simply smashed open the door, and eventually they marched away, the Count's banner bearing the words, "We go; let him who can return."

These women of Gruyères appear to have always been a resourceful lot. Once when all the men were with the cattle on

the mountains, or at war with their neighbors, and only the women and children remained within the town, the hostile army of Berne sat down before the walls. But the women did not despair. When night came on they gathered together several hundred goats and, fastening flaming torches between their horns, opened the gates and drove them down upon the enemy. Now, in those days witches still dwelt in the forest and goblins yet lived in the mountains, so when the Bernese saw this army of flaming demons charging their camp, they fled incontinently, and the town was saved.

A century and more passes, and legend becomes busy with the fame of a wild young ruler of Gruyères, Count Antoine. Standing one evening on the terrace overlooking the valley, where now the visitor waits the opening of the castle doors, he saw a long procession of youths and maids dancing down the valley to the sound of a flute of singular sweetness. As the leaping figures came nearer and the flute notes reached him more plainly, a spell was laid upon him, and as in a trance he was drawn through the village gate and down the twilight way to the dusky valley and on un-

A GATEWAY OF
GRUYÈRES

der the stars, as mile after mile the dancers swept him forward into the dim, remote recesses of the mountains where lies the Land of Fay. Three days later he was found half-conscious by a distant roadside. What happened he would never say, but he drooped and pined within the walls of Gruyères until one day they found him on the terrace dead, his face toward the valley as if listening for the magic flute; and his brother, who was a hard sort, reigned in his stead and raised the kingdom to great power and place. And to this day, though whether the custom relates to the old fable I cannot tell, when the harvest is over, and St. Martin's summer is on the bare land, and the moon shines yellow through the autumn haze, there starts from Gruyères a strange dance of the peasant boys and girls. Out from the red-topped gate, down from the old gray walls, the long procession dances. On and on through the long, long valley, and from every hamlet other couples come, and the dance goes on and on, and sometimes night finds hundreds of tired dancers far from home. They tell a tale that once upon a time this dance began on a Sunday with but seven in the line, and ended on a

Tuesday, leagues away, with seven hundred dancers.

It was in the Fifteenth Century that the little State reached its most splendid period. In the great hall of the castle, around the long table that is still there, the Count and his knights held their court, and decided issues of peace and war, and life and death. Down below were the dungeons, at one side the torture chamber. But there is an ugly tale that at times the prisoner was trussed and brought in to fry within the vast fireplace of the hall, where even oxen can be roasted whole. While the Count passed on grave matters in the hall, in another room there was another court maintained, called the Court of Folly, presided over by the Count's pet fool, a wise man named Gerard Chalamala. Here were planned the amusements for the week, the plays and entertainments that earned for the Count's court the title of the Little Paris. The fool's house still stands, and within are still to be read the maxims he painted on the walls. One reads, "The content that comes with age and which we call the fruit of wisdom, is but the first decay of mind and body." So I say Chalamala was a wise fool.

But there came an end to the Counts of Gruyères. The gay court and its extravagant life exhausted the resources of the family and the people. Creditors clamored at the castle door, and the condition finally raised a scandal in the confederation. In 1554, Michael I, the then Count of Gruyères, was declared a bankrupt and ordered dethroned. In vain he appealed to his people to pay his debts and take his property, that only he might live among them. The end had come. At public sale the estate was bid in by the cantons of Berne and Fribourg, and the independence of Gruyères ceased forever. Gradually the castle fell to ruin, and not so many years ago the cantons determined to sell it to a contractor to demolish for building material. Then, fortunately, an artist, Daniel Bovy of Geneva, bought the property. Under his skillful and artistic direction its restoration was made complete. The ancient banners, torn by Saracen spears, were hung again in the hall. The queer little brass cannon that of old guarded the ivy-grown courtyard, were once more placed in position. Much of the old furniture was rescued from decay, and now occupies its old-time place. Answer-

ing his call, his fellow artists forsook their studios in Paris, and Corot, Baron and others have painted upon the panels of the walls of one of the private apartments the history of Gruyères, in pictures vivid and strong as the deeds they depict. So modern luxury finds a home now in the old castle, but in the town itself nothing is changed, and the traveler enters there into the past of a brave and sturdy people, and upon a scene that for picturesqueness and beauty has no equal in the land of the Alps.

A BIT OF THE ANCIENT WALL
ROTHENBURG

ROTHENBVRG·GERMANY

Many writers and nearly all artists agree that the most picturesque towns in Europe are Mont St. Michel and Carcassonne in France, San Gimignano in Italy and Rothenburg in Bavaria. Of these, Mont St. Michel is probably the most remarkable and Carcassonne the most impressive, but Rothenburg is certainly the most lovable. It is not far from Nuremburg, with which it is often compared. But while Nuremburg possesses magnificent, artistic monuments, it is entirely inadequate as an illustration of what a medieval town was like. It is big, noisy and prosperous. Rothenburg, on the other hand, offers a complete and perfect idea of the environment amid which Germans of the Middle Ages lived. It is set upon beautiful hills, still entirely surrounded by ancient walls with their battlemented towers all unchanged by the presence of the Twentieth Century. Through its gate runs the road to yesterday, and once within, to-day grows very remote, and there are actually incarnate before you the

streets, the dwellings, the public places, where men lived, and fought, and loved, and romanced five centuries and more ago.

In nearly every other medieval city that the writer has visited, the town has outgrown the old walls, and the new buildings hide the ancient ramparts and prevent the approach presenting to you that same picturesque view which the men of the Middle Ages had of the towered walls and piled-up roofs and spires within. But, with the exception of the houses that have sprung up along the road leading from the little railroad station to the Roder-Tor, which is one of the city gates, Rothenburg still lies wholly within the walls, so that from every point of view, save the railroad station, the town looks now as you come upon it exactly as it did in the Middle Ages—looks for all the world like one of Howard Pyle's illustrations in his Arthurian stories.

The city is built upon a plateau that brings the level country to its walls on every side but the west; here the land falls steeply away directly from the base of the walls, to the valley of the Tauber some three hundred feet below; and from these western walls, and for miles along

the river are some of the most beautiful sylvan views in Bavaria. Indeed, it is this very combination of beauty both within and without the walls to which Rothenburg owes the charm that so endears it to visitors. And this charm lies in the unique blending of rural beauty with a medieval picturesqueness absolutely unimaginable, imparting in some subtle way a sense of profound and exquisite peacefulness, a peacefulness that lingers in my memory as the dominant fact of Rothenburg.

As we sat at dinner on the hotel balcony at Wurtzburg and gazed across the darkening river to the castle fortress silhouetted against the green sky, my friend, the architect, who will always be a boy, exclaimed, "Let's go to Rothenburg now and get the thrill of entering the walls at midnight!" So from nine o'clock until almost twelve we crawled along in a half-lit train. We changed to the little Rothenburg line at a station that seemed fittingly mysterious in the dim light of an occasional lantern. From here on the train had only third-class carriages, and only a passenger or two asleep in the corners.

At Rothenburg the night air was cool and damp; every now and then came the

perfume of flowers. The hotel porter took our baggage and we followed him. Presently we saw the dim line of a lofty wall, the lift of a great tower; there was a bridge across a moat, a weird space surrounded by walls, another tower only partly seen in the darkness, and then a long street that seemed to come up out of a dream, so empty was it, so still and so strange. A bell somewhere tolled twelve, and we did thrill to the mystery and the adventure of it—to the remoteness, not only of place, but of time, for we did not seem in the Bavaria of to-day, but of the ancient time of knights and battles, of mystery and romance.

From the corner room on the upper floor of the hotel I looked out into the blackness of what I could sense was a vast space. Far below I could hear the tinkle of running water, and from out the night came again the faint odor of flowers, but there was nothing to see until morning. Then the view was glorious. The hotel is built directly on the walls at a point where they form an angle, sweeping forward on either hand in a magnificent panorama of blended roofs and towers and battlements, all a mass of soft reds and yellows. Directly

THE PLÖNLEIN TOWER
ROTHENBURG

beneath the walls the ground drops away to the tiny river, crossed by a curious two-story bridge, and then slopes upward again to the pastured hills that roll gently away to the far horizon.

Out in the town one picture succeeds another with every turn. Originally the walls were built to inclose a population of about five thousand, and as the city grew, a second line of fortifications was erected, which still forms the outer wall, as for the last four hundred years or so the population has remained at about eight thousand. The gateways of the older, inner line of defense create some wonderfully interesting pictures, the most noted of which are the Markus Tower, the White Tower, and, most famous of all, the Plönlein. This last owes much of its extraordinary picturesqueness to the fact that the street branches just before it, one fork leading to the Kobolzeller Gate shown at the right, which is on the outer wall, and the other leading through this Plönlein gate.

One of the most interesting of the outer gates is the Klingen-Tor. To the right of this tower the wall is made beautiful by climbing vines and pear and plum trees

trained upon it after the manner of English gardens. Mounting the wall at the Klingen-Tor one can walk upon it for several miles around the city. Through the loop-holes are caught vistas of a country rich in orchards and flowers, and on the town side there are repeated views of roofs and towers. Here and there the wall broadens to a platform where ancient cannon still stand, or the yet older machines for throwing heavy stones at the besiegers. At one point, though not within the limits of this walk, there is yet hanging the great iron cage in which the Rothenburgers used to imprison their malefactors while the crowd would gather below to watch the wretched victim slowly starve to death. But to-day all the ancient cruelty has vanished from these most kindly and simple folk. It may be the effect of the peculiar peacefulness of the beautiful landscape that surrounds the town; or it may be the sense of isolation that must inevitably come to men who live in an environment so altogether of the past, but something has set them apart from even their fellow Bavarians. A certain definite placidity is stamped upon their kindly and intelligent faces; a certain well-defined grace of

THE MARKUS TOWER
ROTHENBURG

manner, even in the little children, and a remarkable courtesy distinguish old and young alike.

Everyone bows to the stranger, and the humbler men doff their hats as they wish you good-morning. I was sitting on a log down by the bridge one afternoon, when three little children, aged perhaps three and five and six, approached, and each, with the utmost gravity, proceeded to shake hands with me. I was so overcome that I could think of nothing to say but, "How d'y' do, how d'y' do," and as they gravely departed on their way, I heard the youngest softly repeating to himself, "How de do, how de do."

There are flowers and vines everywhere, and such flowers; never have I seen the like of the roses, the dahlias and the asters that grow riotously around even the humblest cottage. And never can one forget the great balcony of the Rathhaus, a blazing heap of flowers and vines.

But this Rathhaus that now looks so a part of the peaceful picture has seen many a cruel and bloody deed, for the history of this ancient city has been a stirring one. First mentioned historically in 804, it was incorporated as a free city by Barbarossa,

and has entertained kings and emperors as its guests, sometimes by invitation and sometimes in spite of itself when armed invasion was successful.

The zenith of its power as a factor in affairs was under Burgomaster Toppler, late in the Fourteenth Century. He was really a wonderful man, and made of his city a power felt throughout all Germany so that distant princes sought his alliance. And then, just as he was opening for Rothenburg a career of glory, his people conspired against him. On the sixth of April, 1408, he was deposed, and a few months later he died in prison; his name was blotted from the town records, and his property confiscated. Now the town builds monuments to his memory.

Following Toppler's death, the prestige of Rothenburg waned; many of the wealthier citizens moved away, and so few skilled artisans remained that builders from Nuremburg had to be imported to design the buildings of the period. Then came the Peasants' War, when mad revolt swept Rothenburg into a frenzy, and the town was delivered first to the mob and later to the avenging aristocracy, who, once in power, executed some sixty of the

revolutionaries and drenched this peaceful market-place in blood.

Even more vivid were those days during the Thirty Years' War, when Tilly's conquering hosts stormed the walls. Thirty thousand of his veterans assailed the city with continuous assault for thirty hours. Every man in the city was on the defenses, but at last, worn with sleeplessness, decimated by shot, their ammunition exhausted, and their walls crumbling beneath them, the defenders surrendered. Enraged at the loss inflicted upon his army, Tilly decreed the death of the town councilors, the expulsion of the inhabitants and the utter destruction of the city. But it so chanced that the Burgomaster's daughter knew the secret of a marvelous punch, and while Tilly raved she brewed the liquor, and, when the opportunity came, presented it to him with bended knee. The effect was propitious; another cup and then another, and then the great General summoned all the people to the market square, and offered them their homes, their city and the lives of their councilors if any one of them could drink at one draught a hunting-horn filled with this marvelous punch. I have seen this horn, now pre-

served in the museum, and take my word for it, it was a tremendous task; but one Herr Nusch undertook the deed and won. And to this day every year at Whitsuntide, there is enacted by the whole town in costume the festival play of *Der Meistertrink,* or the Master Drink, which Rothenburgers claim is among the oldest of Germon folk plays. But the spirit of the place was crushed, and a century or so later a band of thirty soldiers forced the gates and exacted a tribute from the city. True, in 1800 the townspeople plucked up courage to defeat a band of seventeen French soldiers who demanded the surrender of the town, but two years later it opened its gates to the forces of Bavaria, of which kingdom it then became and has since remained a part.

There is not that wealth of folklore and legend in Bavaria that so enriches the region of the Harz; in fact, I know of but one tale connected with Rothenburg that is worth the telling, for a translation of which I am indebted to Schauffler's *Romantic Germany.* The church of St. James is thrown directly across a street that takes its way along a gloomy passage underneath. Upon a time when prosperity had made the

THE RATHAUS
ROTHENBURG

townspeople forgetful of evil and its author, the Devil thought it behooved him to reëstablish himself in the public mind, so one dark night he lurked in this passage, and, seizing the first passerby, threw him with great force against the wall. "The body fell down dead, but the soul stuck to the stones and you can see it there yet, sort of black, with brown spots."

Up to a few years ago Rothenburg remained unknown to the tourist, but of late it has been discovered, and until the recent war the summer always found it filled with visitors, most of whom were English. A little while at most and Rothenburg will be on the beaten track, but for a time it is sure to retain its individuality and charm.

HILDESHEIM·GERMANY

I HAVE always preferred a frame house to one of stone or brick; it generally looks less like an institution and more like a place to live; its lines can be made less formal, more individual; and its color possibilities are infinitely greater. It has always seemed, therefore, like a drawback, like a flaw in what might otherwise be oftentimes a perfect picture, that the houses of even the most picturesque of European towns are generally of stone or plaster. Of course, Toledo would be out of character in anything less grim, and so would many another town that must be dressed in sober garb to play its part, but there are towns that would blend so much better into their landscape if only they were built from the forest trees of their backgrounds. But save Lubeck, that red brick city of the North that just misses being a "picture town," and save the towns of the Netherlands, all the Continent houses itself within stone or plaster walls —all except Hildesheim and its neighboring Saxon cities. In England it is different,

SOME OF THE ANCIENT HOUSES
HILDESHEIM

and a great part of the singular charm of its country villages and isolated farmhouses is undoubtedly due to the half-timber buildings, blending so perfectly with their environment that they seem an integral part of nature itself. Now our English ancestors came from Saxony, and still preserved in the German speech of the land around the Harz are Saxon words an Englishman can understand, and here in Saxony are timbered houses in which an Englishman would feel at home. Nowhere else in Europe can just the like be found, so if one would know the domestic timbered architecture of a medieval time he must seek it, south of the Channel, in these Saxon towns and villages. And most beautiful of all the towns of northern Germany is Hildesheim, its streets a bewildering, glowing museum of Gothic medievalism. None of these picture towns of which I am writing is in the least like any other town, and Hildesheim's individuality is as strongly marked and its characteristics as pronounced and as different, as of any city in Europe. For instance, the medievalism here manifested is a very different phase of the life of the Middle Ages from that called to mind by other relics of

a past environment. Here it is life, not war, that comes back to you, for there are no gates and walls, but houses where men and women lived at peace. There is no castle, no dungeon; but market-houses and streets where flowed the tides of prosperity and of wealth. You do not picture knights and warhorses, but fat, contented burghers. These streets were not made for armed men, nor these pictured houses for warriors. Hildesheim is a chapter all its own in the interpretation of ancient life, and it tells a different story than elsewhere can be learned.

In spite of the war I am very fond of Germany, probably because I have never been in Berlin, and it is a matter of irritating amazement to me that so many Americans annually visit the capital, while less than a hundred a year stop over at Hildesheim. Yet there is nothing in Berlin that cannot be found in America, it has no distinction, no individuality; it is utterly cosmopolitan, a mere concentration of modernity. On the other hand, the Saxon town not only preserves the medieval atmosphere, but embodies it in a setting of strange and delicate beauty. You not only find a city of the past, but a city that was

and is like some antique piece of jewelry exquisite in form and color. Only in Venice can elsewhere be found these two primary elements of beauty, form and color, in perfect combination. Bruges approximates, but its color predominates; Rothenburg comes near, but beauty of form is there the most conspicuous; but in Hildesheim the two combine in an achievement of complete, well-balanced harmony. Added to the delight always to be found in the merely beautiful, and the interest that attaches to places left unchanged by many generations of men, is a pervading sense of romance. Here undoubtedly everything may happen that would be impossible elsewhere. Here unquestionably fairy coaches are drawn through the streets by white mice, and the only reason you fail to see them is because you don't happen to be on the spot when they go by; but they may be coming now; they may be just around the corner. Whether it is the picturesque houses continually appearing along crooked streets, or the color everywhere surprising you, or the thought of thus walking literally into the past, or the sheer romance of it all, or whether it be all these things in such unusual combina-

tion, I cannot tell, but this I do know, that nowhere else do you wander on with such alert, tense interest. Carcassonne is more thrilling, Toledo more impressive and Rothenburg more lovable in a sort of human way, but Hildesheim wakens more lively enthusiasm than any other city. It is an exciting town, because of its very unexpectedness, and the dominant sensation it produces is just keen joy that you are finding it.

But few people go there. Hamilton Wright Mabie found the town, though, and this is what he says of it: "Hildesheim is so full of joy to the eye and imagination in audacity of color and quaintness of timbered houses that it is one of the most enchanting records of a past so unlike our own age that the very sight of its quaint beauty is a feast." And six hundred years ago an early traveler wrote, "In all Saxony there is no town equal to Hildesheim in strength and beauty."

Oh, those timbered houses! Not merely one or two, or even a row of them as in English Chester, but block after block, street after street, for to-day over seven hundred of these ancient dwellings, dating all of them from the fourteen and fifteen

hundreds, help shelter the people of Hildesheim. The second story projects two or three feet over the first, and the third two or three feet over that, and so on till the whole structure is topped by a great pointed roof, that itself is often several stories in height. Fancy the mysterious, semi-twilight effect these overhanging houses produce in a narrow street that winds away along the crooked course of what was once a village cowpath. But this is not all—the massive timbers that form the visible framework of these old buildings are literally covered with curious and intricate carving. There are mottoes in Gothic script, and the queerest beasts and birds ever gotten together outside of the Noah's ark of childhood, beasts and birds that never were on sea or land; not the vicious-looking gargoyles of the cathedrals, but bland, pensive creatures, the faces of some lighted by strange smiles, and others thoughtful and contemplative as they regard piles of singular fruit or a row of fishes standing on their tails. Other beams are cut deeply into elaborate conventional designs, suggestive of the Moorish work in Spain. Nor is this all, for beast, bird, fish and fowl are each painted

in the softest, richest hues imaginable. Not the crude, raw color of Holland, but old tones of exceeding beauty, touched here and there with gold. And it is this color and carving and gilt and the quaint, queer shapes of the houses that make Hildesheim's distinction, and its charm, and its unlikeness to any other town. Interspersed through this bewildering mass of carving upon the fronts of these inexpressibly quaint old houses, are innumerable mottoes, quotations and a wealth of observations wise and otherwise. On the front of one especially elaborate house the egotistical builder proclaimed, "I hope for envy, for God gives to the one he likes." On the front of another the pessimistic owner carved these words, "Truth has flown to heaven; Faith has gone across the sea; Justice has been driven away; Unfaithfulness alone remains."

One house is covered with carving depicting scenes from the Bible. In the pinnacle are Adam and Eve, then Moses on the Mount, the passage through the Red Sea, the spies bearing the clusters of grapes, the raising of the brazen serpent, Balaam's ass, Samson and the foxes, Samson slaying the Philistines, Samson

carrying away the gates of Gaza, Samson and Delilah, the seven lean kine, the seven fat kine, Jacob's dreams, his fight with the angel, Abraham leading Isaac to sacrifice, Abraham driving Hagar into the wilderness, and Abraham and Melchisedec. In addition there are allegorical representations of sight, taste, hearing, speech and feeling, together with many Scriptural quotations. When it is remembered that this is only one of hundreds of houses most of which are carved with a vast variety of subjects, the force of the saying that the streets of Hildesheim are a perfect museum will be appreciated.

There is no especial beauty in the situation of the town, nor in the dress of its people, but its architecture alone is sufficient to single it out as one of the most delightful of Europe's picture places. There are two squares in particular that seem utterly removed from the present. To reach one of these, the Andreas Platz, you go by the Goop House, a most astonishing thing with a tiny first story, but bulging out into much space when the top floor is reached, and under another house that is built straight across the street. The irregular, tree-set Platz is very quiet. At one end is

an ancient church, and circling round the other sides are the old, old houses, where in the setting of loves and hates of long ago, men and women live out their lives to-day. I think that is the thing which surprises one the most of all about these medieval homes, that they are actually homes to-day. The small latticed windows are swung wide open on this summer morning, and pillows are hung out to air, and women call from them to neighbors across the way, and talk of aeroplanes and railways, just as centuries ago their ancestors talked of distant wars and tournaments and the gossip of a forgotten day. There is something incongruous, something perplexing, about these moderns housed in these homes that express only the lives of a remote generation.

A little way from the Platz the market-place crowds back the houses and finds room. In the center is a really beautiful fountain dating from 1540. On one side the Rathhaus, built in the thirteen hundreds, projecting far over the street and supported by massive columns and great arches, under which is the sidewalk, and opposite this the picture is completed by the finest timbered house to be found any-

where. I know the same claim is made for the rare old house across from the cathedral at Strassbourg, but in height and carving, and color and richness of detail this Butchers' Guild House at Hildesheim so far excels as to leave no room for comparison. Near this Butchers' Guild was the place of public punishment, and here stood the stocks and whipping-post, and here the scaffold was erected. As the criminal was led across the square to meet the sentence passed upon him, there was always one possibility of escape; for if some woman stepped forward and offered to marry him then and there the convict was set free. I wonder if this was regarded in the nature of substitution and equivalent.

The Rathhaus is externally a little disappointing, but within is a noble hall, the proportions of which, I was assured by the distinguished architect who was my companion at the time, are absolutely correct judged by modern canons, and he measured to see. But more important than its proportions are the splendid frescoes covering the walls with some of the most beautiful mural decorations I have ever seen, beautiful in design, and most beautiful of

all in their soft yet radiant color. Next to the jewel-like interior of St. Mark's in Venice I place this all but matchless interior of the Rathhaus at Hildesheim.

On one side of the wall is a line deeply cut, and underneath are the words, "This is the measure for yarn." And this is the tale of that: Upon a time a certain yarn merchant died, and, having systematically cheated all his customers by giving them short measure, he did not go to heavèn. One night he appeared, smoking hot, to his wife in a vision, and finding her for once speechless, he spoke thus, "Go quickly on the morrow to all my friends, the yarn merchants of Hildesheim, and say to them that this is the measure for yarn." Saying which he threw upon the floor a glowing iron bar and 'mid sulphurous fumes departed. Now the bar burned through the chamber floor, and through the cellar floor, and on down and down, for it was going whence it came. And on the morrow the good wife awoke, and behold the vision was a true word, for there, still smoking, was the imprint of the measure for yarn. And having told these things to the Burgomaster and the merchants, they

THE BUTCHERS' GUILD
HILDESHEIM

placed this record on the city hall, and there you can see it to this day on the north wall.

Hildesheim is distant but an hour or so from Bremen, and just at the foot of the Harz mountains, in the very heart of that bit of country that is richer in folklore than any other spot in northern Europe. Its very beginnings are steeped in the poetry of ancient faiths, in a legend rich in delicate beauty as the town itself. Once upon a time, so the story goes, when the great Charlemagne had been but a few years dead, his son, who reigned in his stead over this part of the world, was hunting down the forest-covered slopes of the Harz, and with evening found himself separated from his followers. He wandered on till dusk fell, and the midsummer night came on, then drawing his cloak around him, and hanging his crucifix upon a rosebush growing there, he lay down to sleep upon a mound just at the foot of the mountains. Now this little mound was Hilda's Heim, or the home of Hilda, Saxon goddess. When morning dawned and the Emperor woke, snow covered the ground, and the cross was frozen fast to the rose. In this the Emperor read

the sign that the goddess had fled before the true faith, and here upon her sacred mound he caused a great cathedral to be built, but in the cloisters he left undisturbed the sacred rose. Now all this happened eleven hundred years ago, but the cathedral is there to-day, and, strangest of all, upon its wall, in the quiet of its cloisters, there is growing to-day a rosebush, bright with fragrant bloom, and it is a historic fact that back as far as the cathedral records go, this rose was growing there, and all over Germany people know of the thousand-year-old rosebush that grows on the walls of Hildesheim. The town might, indeed, be called the City of the Rose, not only on account of its beginnings, but because of the countless roses that grow along its streets in sweet profusion. Seldom are such roses found, and, as if in recognition of the fact, there is a Rose Street One, and a Rose Street Two, and a Rose Street Three.

But the cathedral is remarkable for much more than its sacred rose. It was at the beginnings of the Eleventh Century that Bishop Bernward made of Hildesheim the center of north German art and culture, and gathered here some of the most

beautiful things that are to be found anywhere in Europe. The bronze doors of the cathedral, among the very oldest on the Continent, were done under his direction, and in the treasury of the church are shown his cross and staff of most delicately carved gold, all ablaze with jewels. In the nave hangs the most amazing chandelier I have ever seen. It is nearly forty feet around and represents the walls and towers of the New Jerusalem. Here, too, is the great column of stone carved by the Bishop in the manner of Hadrian's column at Rome, except that this pictures the life of Christ.

The walls that of old protected the city have now vanished save where here and there an old tower still stands on guard. The most interesting of these is the Turn Again Tower, concerning which a pretty legend is told. From the beginning the town was under the special protection of the Maid of Hildesheim, part saint, part fairy, whose guardianship brought prosperity to the inhabitants, and who, in time of siege, would stand upon the battlements, unseen by the other defenders, and wave aside the cannon balls of the enemy. Once upon a time the Maid became piqued at

some fancied grievance and took her departure, vowing never to return. Now, in this Turn Again Tower there hangs to this day a magic bell, and whoso hears it ring must perforce turn back. And on that day when the dismayed citizens learned that their fairy maid had left them, the bell in the old tower rang loud and long, and afar in the forest the Maid heard its ringing, and, compelled by its magic, came again to the city, which ever after she has continued to bless.

The kingdom of Saxony, of which Hildesheim was for many years the most important city, became as early as the Tenth Century the most prominent among the German States. Saxon valor put a curb upon invasion by the Northmen and definitely controlled the ambition of Hungary to extend its dominion over western Europe. Culture, order and all the accompaniments of civilization marked the progress of the Saxon people throughout the nine and ten hundreds; a university was established in Hildesheim, and in 962, Otto, King of Saxony, became ruler of Germany, when crowned by the Pope as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, that somewhat fanciful political conception

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ANDREAS PLATZ
HILDESHEIM

which Voltaire once said was "neither Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire."

Of all Germanic tribes the Saxon was the most defined by physical attributes, by speech, by his faith, by his customs and his laws. Marriage outside the tribe was rare, and no foreign influence modified these characteristics that individualized him. In Saxony more tenaciously than elsewhere the people clung to their old faiths and ways, disguising pagan rites with Christian names and incorporating ancient liberties into written law. These old traits are, in a modified degree, observable in the Saxon of the present. The big, blond men are like their ancestors of a thousand years ago, and in the little towns in and around the Harz traces of their pagan creed exist in the beliefs of today, so that, while one phase of the present life of Hildesheim is modern and commercial, yet underneath it all is a primitive strain of superstition. In the popular mind vampires still haunt the forest, ghosts walk from their graves when the moon lies dead in the sky, and witches still meet with Satan on the summit of the nearby Brocken.

But in these Twentieth-Century days all

peoples, all towns, are rapidly approaching a dead level of uniformity, so the traveler must hurry who would find the fairy streets of Hildesheim, and catch the atmosphere of a medieval time that still lingers among its ancient dwellings.

NORWAY
SWEDEN
RUSSIA
THE FJORDS
BERGEN
CHRISTIANIA
STOCKHOLM
PETROGRAD
ESTHONIA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
NORTH SEA
BALTIC SEA
GOTHENBURG
COPENHAGEN
DENMARK
EDINBURGH
BELFAST
DUBLIN
LIVERPOOL
LAKE DISTRICT
LONDON
AMSTERDAM
THE HAGUE
ROTTERDAM
HAMBURG
BERLIN
HILDESHEIM
DRESDEN
ROTHENBURG
POLAND
CLOVELLY
MOUNT ST MICHAEL
PLYMOUTH
SOUTHAMPTON
CHERBOURG
BRUSSELS
BELGIUM
COLOGNE
GERMANY
HAVRE
NORMANDY
PARIS
BRITTANY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
PRAGUE
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
VIENNA
BAVARIA
BLACK FOREST
SALZBURG
BUDAPEST
CHATEAU COUNTRY
FRANCE
BERNE
BAY OF BISCAY
BORDEAUX
LYON
HUNGARY
ROUMANIA
BUKHAREST
VENICE
CARCASSONNE
MIDI COUNTRY
PYRENEES
ANDORRA
MONTE CARLO
GENOA
FLORENCE
BELGRADE
YUGOSLAVIA
BULGARIA
SOPHIA
CONSTANTINOPLE
RAGUSA
ALBANIA
GREECE
MADRID
TOLEDO
BUSSACO
LISBON
SINTRA
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
BARCELONA
MARSEILLES
CORSICA
BALEARIC ISLES
SARDINIA
NAPLES
ROME
SEVILLE
GRANADA
RONDA
GIBRALTAR
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PALERMO
ATHENS